

# The Record

Wm. Carroll Seminary.  
1853-1893.



MAY 11, 1853.



THE

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

— OF —

Mt. Carroll Seminary,

MAY 11, 1893.



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# THE OREAD

OF

## MT. CARROLL SEMINARY.

JUNE, 1893.



### OUR ANNIVERSARY.

BY FLORENCE BAILEY FARNSWORTH.

Ye happy birds, pour forth a song  
To wake the flowers that sleep so long !  
Ye laughing streams, that sparkling flow,  
Be glad and merry as you go,  
For gentle breezes softly say,  
" Let all rejoice, for it is May."

Sweet May that brings the sunshine bright  
To flood the valleys with its light,  
And gilds the swiftly passing hours,  
And decks with buds the woodland bowers ;  
Green wreaths shall twine where gold leaves fell,  
While we to others fondly tell,  
We joyous hail the gentle May,  
That brings our glad reunion day.

We love our Alma Mater yet !  
Though scattered far, we'll not forget  
The happy school days of the past—  
Their memory shall ever last :

We think of those we loved so well,  
And wonder if they still could tell,  
With that same fervor girls bestow,  
Of friendship of the long ago.

For forty years has autumn's sun  
Looked down on school work well begun ;  
For forty years hath summer found  
The closing days with laurels-crowned.  
O come from far and near, and tell  
How patient ones have striven well,  
To make life's lessons understood,  
And leave sweet thoughts, to do us good.

O come from sunny lands where bloom  
Magnolias with their rich perfume,  
And murmuring zephyrs gently rove  
Through branches of the orange grove,  
While humming-birds in constant bliss,  
Among the buds that dewdrops kiss,  
Coquet and whisper words of love,  
While skies are clear and blue above.

O come from lands whose frosty air  
Makes sparkling pictures everywhere,  
And long, cold winters, clad in white,  
Make home and fireside more bright ;  
Come all from east and west, and say,  
" We love our homes so far away,  
Yet love our dear old school home, too,  
With fond affection, warm and true."

Where are the friends we used to know,  
In happy days of long ago ?  
All scattered now—and some have passed  
To lands where pleasures ever last ;  
We loved them so, in other years,  
And for them now shall gentle tears  
Fall softly, as we fondly tell  
Each name we used to love so well.

Those golden days whose sacred truth  
Illumined our swift-passing youth,  
And influenced our future lives,  
With precious good that still survives,  
Are sweetest memories to-day,  
As we to others fondly say,  
That light that shone o'er school days past  
Shall gild the clouds, by future cast.

Forever blessed be the May,  
That saw our school's first opening day !  
And ever honor be to one  
Who then, in patient hope, begun  
To work with that good, earnest will  
That wrought success, that crowneth still  
Her happy years, and blesses all  
On whom that influence shall fall.



NORTH SIDE.



**A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MT. CARROLL SEMINARY.**

May 11, 1853, eleven pupils gathered for the first time in the Presbyterian Church of Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Miss Frances A. Wood and Miss C. M. Gregory, graduates of the State Normal College at Albany, N. Y., had, by cars and stage, crossed the prairies of the then far West, seeking a suitable place to establish a school that might become a permanent institution for higher education; and the gathering of these eleven pupils was the beginning of the Mt. Carroll Seminary. After occupying the church for a short time, the school was removed to an old store building standing on the ground now occupied by the Glen View Hotel.

The enthusiasm and hope which enabled the teachers to endure the hardships of pioneer work extended to the school and the town. At the close of the term the pupils numbered thirty. A charter had been obtained from the State Legislature the previous year, chiefly through the instrumentality of Hon. W. T. Miller, who became a member of the Board of Incorporators, in which the charter was vested; a stock company was now formed and the books of the corporation opened for subscription. Five acres of ground to be used as a site for the school were bought of two prominent members of the Board, John Rinewalt and Nathaniel Halderman. During the summer of 1854, a brick building forty-four feet square, two stories and a half and basement, was erected under the auspices of this corporation. October 24, 1854, the school was transferred from the old store to this building and formally organized as Mt. Carroll Seminary, a Board of Trustees having control, both young men and young women being received as students, and Misses Wood and Gregory taking charge as salaried Principals. The building standing in the midst of a wheatfield was still incomplete, and on the grounds was neither fence, tree nor shrub. Everything needed for the school, even water at that time, called for money. The cost of the contract for erecting the building was \$4,500. Of the \$3,000 subscribed stock, only about \$1,000 had been paid in, the balance of the money required for the purchase of the site and the erection of the building being borrowed. Although there was a good number of students in attendance, additional stock was not subscribed as had been expected, and many who had at first invested, when they found that no dividends were soon to be declared, declined to pay. The furnishing of the building was another heavy expenditure and had been done mainly with borrowed money, the notes, bearing ten per cent. interest, being held by a Pennsylvania capitalist who had no interest in the school except as furnishing opportunity for a profitable

business transaction. Creditors began to press their claims, and thus embarrassed, the Trustees found, at the end of six months, that a change must be made in the finances. Being discouraged, they offered the property to Misses Wood and Gregory for the contract price of erecting the building, which was \$4,500, proposing to donate to them the site of five acres of ground, also the furniture, if, for this consideration, the ladies would place themselves under obligation to continue the school ten years. Their offer was accepted, Misses Wood and Gregory giving their notes for the purchase price at ten per cent. interest. A year or two later, they voluntarily paid the cost of the furniture by issuing scholarships to Mr. John Rinewalt, the condition being that they should be released from the bond to continue the school the specified ten years. To settle all question of the validity of the transfer of the original charter, a new charter vested solely in the Principals was obtained from the State Legislature. There was at the time of change in proprietorship an attendance of twenty-five boarders and many day pupils; if the financial credit of the school could be maintained, its prosperity was assured. Miss Wood had a small inheritance coming from her father's estate and responsible friends East as backers, yet it was only by hard work in school-room and office, by unceasing work in planning and executing, by self-sacrificing work both day and night, that the school prospered and the expense of purchase from the Trustees was paid as the notes became due. Improvements on the grounds were also begun by Miss Wood at this early time and have continued under her personal supervision all these years, until now the original site of five acres, together with the twenty added at a later date, is almost a grove of many varieties of deciduous and evergreen trees, with open spaces of grassy lawn, forming a school campus beautiful as any in the country.

Miss Wood's early desire had been to study medicine, but as no schools then gave medical instruction to women she chose the profession of teacher. Her ability to acquire and impart knowledge, to make her pupils enthusiastic in study, her strong personality of character, her broad and comprehensive mind, made her an educator in the highest sense of the word and eminently fitted her for a work that she loved; but as no agents have ever been employed to solicit funds for the Seminary, as no contributions, except the gift of the original site of five acres, and no endowment funds have ever been given, the good, and even the existence, of the school, have always demanded the closest supervision of its finances. This work was done from the beginning, and for many years afterwards, by Miss Wood, in connection with teaching, but as the financial labor

became greater, although her tastes inclined to pursuits of broad literary culture and intellectual life, from the necessity of the circumstances she had continued to fill the position of financial manager to the present time. Miss Gregory had more immediate charge of the school-room work, especially the discipline, while she was connected with the Seminary. Thoroughly devoted to the interests of the school, endowed with a strong will power, prompt and faithful in the discharge of duties, she was a superior disciplinarian. Her executive power in the class-room made her a fine teacher, and her social tact rendered her very efficient in the discharge of all public duties. The Principals labored to make the school of such a character as to merit confidence and gain a liberal patronage, and the increase of students was so great that in 1857 an addition to the Seminary was necessary. Then came the financial panic of '57-'58 which ruined so many and embarrassed all. It came upon the Seminary in the midst of building. Money deposited in the banks could not be obtained; bills due the school, which had been depended upon to be put into the work, could not be collected; but the rooms of the new addition were engaged for the coming year, and it was decided that the prosperity of the school required them to be ready. Debts they thought ought not to be contracted when there was a possibility of the laborer losing his earnings, hence Miss Wood bought the materials for paint at wholesale, mixed them with her own hands, and did the work of painting upon the entire brick building, except the cornice. She glazed the forty windows and papered the twenty-three rooms, and all things were in readiness for the opening of school in the fall. Then the housekeeper became ill, and, finding it easier to obtain teachers than good housekeepers, Miss Wood filled her place in the school-room with a supply, moved her desk into the kitchen, and, while attending to her writing and accounts, superintended, for six weeks, the cooking and dining-room work, at the same time filling the place of nurse to the sick housekeeper. A fixed determination to make the best of all circumstances, hopeful courage, perseverance unhurried but ever untiring and unrelenting, had thus early formed the character of the school and in it become living forces. Brought by the hand of Providence to this trying financial crisis, the Seminary was also guided safely through, and saved to become still more useful in the world of education.

In December, 1857, Miss Frances A. Wood was united in marriage to Prof. Henry Shimer, who, a few years later, graduated from the Chicago Medical College, and took also the degree of A.M. from Chicago University. He afterward spent two winters attending the College of Physicians and Surgeons

at Bellevue Hospital Medical College of New York City, also attended the clinics of Bellevue Hospital, and spent one winter in pursuing special courses at the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Shimer is also an expert taxidermist. The collections at the Seminary of specimens of mounted and stuffed birds found in Illinois and this climate, number between three and four thousand, and large collections have been sent to the Smithsonian Institute and to the Chicago and St. Louis Academies of Science. The entomological, mineral and botanical collections of specimens at the Seminary are very fine, as are also the collections of microscopical specimens of plant and animal history. Of late, at the request of A. B. Hostetter, one of the World's Fair Commissioners, Dr. Shimer has been classifying the native wild grasses of Illinois for the Illinois exhibit at the Columbian Exposition. Dr. Shimer for many years retained his position in the Seminary as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Sciences. Holding high rank as a mathematician, and being a devoted student of nature, he was considered a fine teacher for all who loved hard study, but the growing duties of a large medical practice, his lectures and writings on scientific subjects, his microscopical researches as a naturalist, so fully occupied his time, that his work in the school, except that of resident physician, has been gradually given to others.

For thirteen years after its formal organization the Seminary had received as students both young men and young women, and had prospered in steadily increasing numbers in attendance and in its standard of scholarship, but on account of crowded quarters and because young women at that time found fewer opportunities for higher education, it was decided to make this school a Seminary for young ladies. In the same year (1867) a second addition was built. This was joined to the first and both raised to the height of the original building, in such a way as to prevent the appearance of one structure 115x52 feet, and at the same time the rooms of the first two buildings were made more convenient and commodious.

After being connected with the Seminary fifteen years, Miss C. M. Gregory withdrew from the institution, Mrs. F. A. W. Shimer purchasing her interest and becoming sole proprietor in 1870. Miss Gregory soon afterward became the wife of Rev. Lansing and now resides in the city of Minneapolis, Minn.

In 1871 Mrs. Shimer suffered a great loss in the death of her adopted daughter, a young woman of rare worth and ability. Through death she has passed on to the higher life; though now unseen by mortal eyes, yet still she lives in the memory of those who knew and loved her.



The vocal department of the Conservatory of Music began in 1869, Miss Isabel Dearborn, of Lynn, Mass., taking charge. Possessing a character true, firm and gentle, of which a voice of rare purity, sweetness and flexibility is only the outward index, her ambition to do the best work and to keep abreast with the musical progress of the times has led her to frequently seek instruction from celebrated teachers of the most approved methods of the day; and added to this her peculiar faculty of knowing the capabilities of her pupils, and adapting her training to the needs of different voices, has made her eminently successful as a teacher of voice culture. The prominent positions taken by graduates prove the vocal department of the Conservatory of Music of Mt. Carroll Seminary to rank with the best in the country in its course of study and thoroughness of training. Prof. Henry W. Hazzen and Miss Isabel Dearborn were united in marriage in 1877. Mrs. Isabel Dearborn Hazzen became director of both the instrumental and vocal departments of the Conservatory in 1883. The first piano in the country was brought by Mrs. F. A. W. Shimer to the Seminary, and the instrumental department began a few years previous to the vocal with three pupils. It now employs teachers who have studied in this country and Europe under instructors who represent the best methods known in piano music. These, together with Mrs. Hazzen and her assistants in the vocal work, make a strong faculty in the different departments of the Conservatory of Music.

Mt. Carroll Seminary has been a pioneer in the West in furnishing art instruction, having introduced this branch early in the school's history, and made it a part of the general culture of all as well as the special culture of the few. When we consider the great progress that American art has made in the last few years, to say that the studio has kept up with the times, is to say much. The most advanced methods of work, such as are taught by prominent European artists, are employed, making the work not an ornamental branch, but something to which the best energies and sober efforts of the pupil are directed. This has a tendency to attract only those who have serious views and ambitions in art lines, and such are the ones that the Seminary wishes to draw to herself and to whom she can safely trust her reputation.

In 1872, Miss Adelia C. Joy, of Maine, became connected with the Seminary as associate Principal. The nobleness of her aim—to train each student to make the most and the best of herself—her directness of purpose and sound judgment have thoroughly identified her with the interests of the school. By the simplicity and decision of her character, united

with pleasing tact and charming individuality, she helps her pupils to grow brave and pure of heart and unconsciously teaches them that truth and obedience to higher laws alone makes a great character. Her fine executive ability has enabled her to readily acquire a knowledge of business details, and to render Mrs. Shimer valuable assistance in the finances, especially of late years during Mrs. Shimer's visits to Florida. While this work has necessarily deprived her of the more intellectual life which she had desired, yet here, in the place of greatest need, gain was found—discipline of the mind, knowledge of human nature and enlarged sympathies.

The third and last addition to the Seminary, a building 100x40 feet, containing seventy-five rooms, and joined to the northeast corner of the original building, was begun in 1875 and completed the following year. This is heated by furnace and ventilated on the Ruttan system. Water, the purest in the valley of the Mississippi, is supplied by a vein 140 feet below the surface, the last sixty feet bored through solid rock, and the upper eighty feet cemented. Three hundred and fifty acres of farm, pasture, orchard and woodland, and a green house, supply an abundance of milk, beef, fruit, and early and late vegetables. A refrigerator gives ample cold storage space. Mt. Carroll is located on the most elevated portion of Illinois, a rolling prairie dotted with groves. The soil, on which water does not stand even during heavy, long continued rains, is a prairie loam over porous yellow clay of thirty feet thickness, under which lie sixty feet of sand. The salubrity of the climate, combined with the complete sanitary arrangements of the school, have secured comfort and healthfulness.

Prof. Henry W. Hazzen entered upon his duties at the Seminary in the fall of 1878, and has since that time ably filled the Chair of History and Literature. Beside his regular class-room work, he conducts reading circles that study Shakespeare, Emerson, Dante and Browning. He possesses one of the finest private libraries in this part of the country—over 2,500 volumes of choice literature. Endowed with a great memory, bringing a mind disciplined by the study of law to the critical analysis of written thought, coming in contact during the summer vacation with the highest intellectual culture of our country, he is an independent thinker with an accurate knowledge of the whole field of literature and history and their philosophical connection. His interpretation of written thought compares well with the best scholars of this country and Europe. It has been said by an able professional man that, in the few months of his acquaintance with Professor Hazzen, he had gained more than during his whole college course in incentive to high thinking. He stimulates the students to

love of the best authors, and insists on independent, individual thought.

Teachers of the best talent, among whom have been representatives of Eastern Normals, Oberlin, Ann Arbor, Colby, Smith, and Vassar, have given to the school faithful and efficient service. At this fortieth anniversary the leading teachers who have not been already mentioned are Miss Mary F. Redington, the preceptress, a woman of executive ability, large experience, and much firmness of character; Miss M. Louisa Slee, whose high ideals, truly artistic taste, industry and social qualities have done much for the art department of which she has charge; Miss Luella Totten, at the head of the piano department, very talented, of fine culture, highly artistic in her performance, and a most inspiring musical instructor; Miss Margaret Gordan, a clear, logical thinker, and enthusiastic teacher of Natural Sciences, highly conscientious in all work; and Miss E. Sophia Winter, of the preparatory department, faithful, painstaking, unselfish in her devotion to the interests of the school and the pupils, and loyal to all lines of Christian duty. The aim of the school is sincerity, earnestness and thoroughness in work. Its certificate admits to Vassar.

Of late years, even more than in the past, the individual needs of students have been studied and the training, in which health, habits, moral and correct taste are each recognized, has been adapted as far as possible to meet those needs. Teachers coming from other institutions invariably comment upon the earnestness and industry of the students. Much attention is given to the home care which is so important in the formative period of life. Parents say that they feel safe about their daughters when here. After years have brought maturity of thought, students write: "I do not know what I would have done without the discipline of those years." A distinctive feature of the school has been the opportunity given students of limited means to obtain an education. One has said: "All that I am, I owe to the Seminary." From many a position of usefulness and honor in our land these words find an echo. The graduating class of '92 numbered eighteen, the young ladies representing States from Pennsylvania and New York to Idaho and Washington. Here North, South, East and West met. Not a few of the old students of the institution are bright, capable, busy, cultured and pleasing men and women, of whom they, who have put their lives into this work of developing and training intellect and character, may justly feel proud.

Mrs. F. A. W. Shimer came to Mt. Carroll, as it was thought, a confirmed consumptive, but the bracing air and healthful surroundings have enabled her for forty years to be the architect, the contractor,

the financier, and, more than these, the one who through all directed the spirit and shaped the policy of the school, and laid broad and deep foundations for future time. Hers has been the clear head that wisely planned; the sound judgment and right intuitions that gathered to the school teachers of a like spirit of work; the enduring will that yielded to no difficulty or discouragement; the patience that, waiting, worked; the large heart that delighted to help; the faith and hope that ever looked beyond the present to greater and greater good. As woman's work in building, shaping and controlling, this institution stands alone among all the schools of the land; stands as a sign of what the Lord hath wrought through a willingness to work; stands as an inspiration for all coming time. MARTHA POWELL.

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#### CLUBS FOR WOMEN.

The development and growth of women's clubs during the last twenty five years is astounding. What will be developed along this line in the next twenty-five years, who can predict? The air is full of organization in this latter part of the nineteenth century, and the women are well to the front.

The New England Women's Club, of Boston, claims to be the first club of that kind ever formed in America, although Sorosis, of New York City, was started nearly, if not at the very same time.

A few weeks since, the New England Women's Club celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday, by holding a festival at the Vendome, Boston, where three hundred women sat down at a banquet at the close of an elaborate reception. Julia Ward Howe has been the president of this club for many years.

These clubs for women, in which I am deeply interested, are not suffragist clubs nor clubs with fads, but the object is for the moral, intellectual and social improvement of women. Perhaps I can not do better, by way of illustrating club methods, than to take for example the club in which I am most actively interested at the present time—the North Shore Club of Lynn, Mass.

We are nearing the close of the second year of our existence, and our growth and power seem to some to be phenomenal. To me it seems but natural. For many years there was but one women's club in our city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and this club was limited to one hundred members. There was a long list of applicants who waited for years in the hope that some one would die (?) or remove to some other city in order that they might become members of the Lynn Women's Club.

Two years ago a few of us conceived the idea of starting a new club, with broad and liberal ideas, and thus give these eager, hungry, clubless sisters an op-



portunity to appease their appetites. Accordingly a few of us met together, and, with the help of one of our lawyers, succeeded in getting a charter, and we, the original eleven, were solemnly sworn in as a corporation under the name of the North Shore Club. We have a president, two vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a corresponding secretary, a treasurer and five directors; the whole forming a board of management, or the executive board. We now have one hundred and seventy three members, and there is a waiting list of nearly one hundred.

As our club is so large and the conditions of our city have been changed, there now being four women's clubs in Lynn, we called a special meeting of our club members two weeks ago, and it was voted by a very large majority to limit our club to two hundred members, as we believed we could do better work than with a much larger number.

Last year we had four home days, on two of which members wrote papers, followed by discussions, and on the other home days members conversed for five minutes each, without any notes, upon topics of living interest assigned them. No guests are admitted on these days, as we feel they might deter some of the more timid ladies from taking part. The remaining eleven afternoons of the year were occupied in listening to essays read by prominent men and women like Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell; Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, the authoress; Mr. Arlo Bates, the author; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; Mr. F. P. Vinton, the noted portrait painter of Boston; Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and others. These papers are usually discussed by the club members at the close of the reading.

Our social meetings for last year consisted of a reception to the other clubs of Lynn, a club tea, with music and comedy, and a banquet at the close of the year, to which our husbands were invited. We had post-prandial exercises, music and speeches, participated in only by members, and I happen to know that the men were not only surprised at the ability shown by the members, but they were very proud of them.

This year the essays read to us by outside talent have been upon the following subjects:

"Scenes from Slave Life Before the War;" "Expulsion of Jews from Russia, and the War Movement in Europe;" "Cervantes;" "Tennyson;" "Originality in Art and Literature;" "The Gypsy Trail, Illustrated by Rough Crayons and Piano;" reading, "In a Balcony;" "Chinese Question;" "Concerning Husbands."

On the four home days such subjects as the following have been considered by members:

"Home and Its Requisites;" "The Occupants

of the Home;" "Resolved, That Inherited Tendencies do not Excuse One for Wrong Doing, as Evil may Always be Overcome with Good;" "Home Culture;" "Social and Domestic Problems."

Our social meetings for the year have been two socials, where a drama and a book party have been presented for the entertainment of members, and at still another social a paper was written and read by the president, Mrs. F. W. Breed, upon "Glimpses of Italian Cities, Athens and Constantinople." These socials are always held in the evening, and are only for members. February 4th of this year, 1893, the North Shore Club gave an afternoon reception to the Women's Club of Massachusetts, which was a most successful affair from every standpoint.

This year, instead of having an elaborate banquet, we have decided to bend all our energies to the raising of a sufficient sum of money to erect a hospital for contagious diseases in our city. This is rather of a departure from our regular line of work, but we feel that we can well afford to make ourselves felt in that way in our community at this time. We are sure to have more or less cholera the coming summer, and we need just such a hospital in our city. The city has given us the hall in the new superb high school building, and it has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. We shall have the hall two evenings. Mr. George Riddle will present "Faust," with Philharmonic Orchestra accompaniment, the first evening, and on the second evening will give us a reading from "Victor Hugo."

Such, then, has been the work of our club in the two brief years of its existence. We entered the General Federation of Women's Club a year ago, and sent delegates to Chicago to the convention last May.

There is a movement on foot to form a State Federation of Women's Clubs in Massachusetts. Our club has decided, however, not to enter any State Federation at present, as we are young, and do not wish to entangle ourselves in too many organizations until we feel the need.

There is more, much more, which I might tell you concerning women's clubs, but I fear that my article is already too long.

Before closing, however, I wish to say that our North Shore Club has a seal with a view on it of the ocean and Nahant in the distance, just the view we get here from our own beach. Our club color is yellow, and we have adopted the golden-rod as our flower. Our club motto, in the words of Samuel Johnson, reads: "The true, strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."

ALICE IVES BREED.

LYNN, Mass., March 29, 1893.



### THE OPENING DAY OF MT. CARROLL SEMINARY.

On the morning of the eleventh of May, 1853, amid doubts and sad forebodings of failure, yet with hopes and prayers for future success, began the first term of Mt. Carroll Seminary.

In strange contrast was the room in which the school first opened, to the spacious and commodious buildings it now occupies, surrounded, as it is, with every comfort and convenience that combine to make a first-class institution of learning.

Our school began in an old church, which had been used, just before this time, for a small select school. The building was a "Grout" structure in a sad state of dilapidation. The furniture—what there was of it—was in a like condition.

That Monday morning did not dawn bright and clear without a cloud; on the contrary, the sky was overcast, and a cold, drizzling rain fell, strangely in harmony with the general outlook of the school.

There were only eleven pupils on that dark May morning, forty years ago to-day. Their names were, as nearly as we can remember, Miss Mary E. White (now deceased), Miss Fannie E. Pierce, Lydia A. Orcutt (Mrs. Wm. Petty), Adaline Yontz, Eviline Yontz, Ellen Yontz (Mrs. Geo. Miles), Amanda Venalstine (Mrs. Swiggert), Celia A. Harris (Mrs. S. A. Tate), Sophia Neely (Mrs. Frazier), Mary Bartholomew (now deceased), and the writer, Fannie E. Bartholomew (Mrs. R. G. Bailey).

Misses Wood and Gregory had left their homes in New York and had come to this then "Far West," to found a school that should be as lasting as time; and this small number of students on the first day caused a shade of disappointment on the brows of these two young women. It passed away in an instant, and Miss Wood, smiling cheerfully, remarked: "The rain kept some away, no doubt." At fifteen minutes of nine the bell tapped and we were in our seats. A chapter was read from the Bible, and Miss Gregory suggested singing "The Watcher," as all were familiar with that. Meanwhile, an old tin water-spout, that had become detached from the roof, blew back and forth, shrieking and creaking, as if to accompany the doleful music and the patter of rain upon the windows. The selection of that piece was not a favorable one, perhaps, and may have added somewhat to the gloom of the dismal day.

The morning exercises over, our teachers began assigning our lessons, introducing new studies and better text-books. The methods of teaching were also an improvement. When twelve o'clock came, each girl felt that she was proud to be among the first enrolled. At one o'clock the eleven were all in their seats promptly. Not one more name was added to the roll. Then was first displayed that perseverance and energy, that courage to combat diffi-

culties, that has ever characterized the work of the Principal, Mrs. F. A. Wood Shimer; and many are the women scattered over our broad land, who are trying to emulate her example, who feel her influence constantly with them. But I digress—I would tell you of the afternoon of that opening day.

Our teachers told us cheerfully and hopefully, that in the near future we were to have a pleasanter school-room.

The afternoon song was more cheerful. Miss Gregory had a sweet voice, and sang that song beginning "Study low, study low."

Then our work commenced in earnest. The rain had ceased at four o'clock and the sun shone brightly. The girls of that day, now in the afternoon of life, as they near the sunset, love to look back upon that time and feel that it was well to have been there.

FANNIE B. BAILEY.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE says: "For nearly forty years Mount Carroll Seminary has maintained itself in Northern Illinois as an educational institution of the highest order for girls, and always under the same wise teacher. Thousands of young women have here received the training which to-day is making them good wives and wise mothers, or enabling them to achieve successes in their chosen profession.

"Its methods of instruction are such as to form character, develop intellect, perfect the physical nature and make practical women of its students. Its location is one of unsurpassed beauty and healthfulness, and its advantages for musical culture are second to those of no other Western institution. We believe that it numbers fewer unsuccessful women among its graduates than any other school of equal age and size in the land."

"In the department of musical art is its standard unequivocally high, and is based upon the soundest principles of musical culture and practical value, in both vocal, instrumental and theoretical branches. The methods employed are, as far as my knowledge of the subject goes, the best extant, while the artistic culture and enthusiasm of the well-equipped teachers in that field is worthy of the most highly renowned standards of our musical capitals."—WM. H. SHERWOOD (Pianist and Teacher).

A number of letters which we would have been pleased to publish reached the editors so late they are necessarily crowded out of the columns of this paper.

As we go to press a copy of the Rock Island *Daily Union* has been received announcing the marriage of Miss Bertha Lewis and Mr. Walter K. Crandell. Mr. and Mrs. Crandell are to settle in Prophetstown, Ill.

# Mt. Carroll Seminary,

MOUNT CARROLL, CARROLL COUNTY, ILL.

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INCORPORATED BY LEGISLATIVE ENACTMENT, 1852.

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## THE OREAD.

Mt. Carroll Seminary's Fortieth Anniversary Number.

When one reaches the mature age of forty, surely the birthday should have respectful attention, but how honor Alma Mater with her forty years? Thus querying, we remembered that it is not in piles of

a few words about the younger children here. We have come to give you the hand grasp of friendship and talk over old times as school friends are wont.

No mother ever looked upon children with fonder eyes or watched their career with more eager interest than does your Alma Mater; and, to-day, she rejoices



OREAD ROOM.

brick and stone she takes pride, but in her sons and daughters, and the thought came to us, how better than to gather news of the scattered family and send to the absent children with cordial greetings? So now we come with our little paper bringing its bundle of news, its bit of history, the portrait of the friend of forty years, pictures of familiar places, and

because of what you are and what you have done. Some of the children have wandered away from the home nest and have forgotten, as they sometimes will, to send a word now and then, and some are beyond human sight and touch. We will not try to call the roll this May morning. It would sadden our hearts; it would weary us with its length. There were



eleven forty years ago; thousands now are on the list.

This is Alma Mater's birthday. With glad hearts we greet her, and she, you—the girls and boys “grown tall.”

As we go to press, the one, for whom many have written in these columns, is still in the South, and she will read from the printed page, for the first time, most of what has been so kindly said. While Mrs. Shimer greatly enjoys the sunshine, fruit and flowers of fair Florida, she feels keenly the necessity of separating herself from her friends and work. Her friends at the North deeply regret that ill health has driven her to a southern latitude, but they are thankful that there is a climate that helps to lengthen such a useful life as is hers.

Realizing that true culture can only be attained and perfected by an earnest investigation of the best that has been thought and said, in ages bygone and present, Professor Hazzen has, this year, had a numerous and enthusiastic following; two “Emerson” classes, a “Dante” and a “Shakespeare” have been the delight of all their members.

Under other leaderships have been the weekly readings of Dickens' works, the fortnightly sessions of the Biology Club, nor in our enumeration must we omit the Oread Society, the largest and oldest of all our circles.

An interest such as the above bespeaks is very gratifying to the management of the institution, and the results are very telling. Under the inspiration aroused by an intimacy with the children of Dickens' heart and brain, a “Dickens party” was the event of February 22d. A number of invited guests were present, and a very slight allusion to the above date will suffice to recall to the minds of on-lookers and participants, a festive scene wherein Mr. Pickwick, Lady Deadlock, the Micawbers and many others mingled so harmoniously and so prominently.

As the Seminary approaches her fortieth year, we, who rejoice in Alma Mater, thoughtfully turn to those past years, during which she so nobly carried her part in all that struggle and effort, which must have preceded the great progress and growth of our day. Selecting the year 1853 as a narrow line of sea-coast from whence we may command a view of the surging sea of nineteenth-century civilization, we may behold the incoming tide bearing triumphant a “ship of state” laden with all the educational wealth, commercial enterprise and mechanical resource that forty years in a “land of the free” could well bring forth. Was there ever such another forty years in the world's history? There may have been, but we, with our American egotism, refuse to credit it.

Measured by the old earth's accustomed pace, the days, when Mrs. Shimer and Miss Gregory first entered the State of Illinois, with her educational interests at heart, must have been at least a century distant. Rich and eventful have been the years since then, bringing many revolutions, sometimes fierce and stormy; again of that silent, resistless nature which has brought changes deep and lasting, modifying all the relations of life. Not only have the fetters dropped from the limbs of the slave, but other chains no less degrading, no less paralyzing in their effects, have been broken. The rusty iron of old superstitions and beliefs has given way, and man in the clearer light of reason and the broader paths of truth is free to bring into action the spirit within him. In the midst of our enjoyment and gratification, we are moved, not infrequently, to pay the obeisance due to all those strong, staunch, steadfast souls who have borne the “heat of the day,” and endured all that an unfaltering purpose and an unflinching will must needs bear in the struggle toward the purifying and uplifting of mankind.

The “Oread” Society has, to use a forceful and current term, been “booming” during the winter and spring terms. The secret of this era of unwonted prosperity lies in the fact that soon after the holidays a plan was evolved by Miss Taylor, the newly elected president, and was adopted by the society, which provided for a division in the membership, both as to number and ability; it became a veritable “two in one.” The programs were given by the sides alternately, and the resulting spirit, of something akin to rivalry, has lent a stimulus which has not been lost upon the society as a whole. The advantages to be gained from an active membership in an association of this kind can not be overestimated, and many who have gone forth from our doors, engaged though they may be in the most active fields of life's work, have, from time to time, sent us a word of testimony, in order that we might be made to realize the value of the present hour, especially in connection with society work.

During the present year, members of the art class have made sketching from life a special feature in their work. Much merriment has been occasioned over the unlikeness of likeness, and the various models have worn a crestfallen, disappointed air for some weeks after they were declared “off duty.” We fully believe, that among the many points to be noted in favor of this line of work, that one regarding its efficiency as a cure for vanity is not to be despised. The model is at all times the recipient of much sympathy, but it must be remembered that the road to fame is not traversed without much sacrifice of self and friends.



Language being recognized as the basis of human intercourse, this department of the curriculum is in charge of a specialist, who devotes her entire time to the subject. Ancient Languages are taught by methods which make the pupil familiar with the literary wealth of these classics, and with their practical influence in the derivation of the romance tongues. Added to this, the mental discipline to be gained from such study receives careful attention.

Methods equally thorough are observed in the teaching of Modern Languages. The pupil is expected to have a definite and comprehensive knowl-

of the day has mingled freely with our study of the classics.

The reading of *Public Opinion* at the Friday morning exercises; the Notes concerning the World's Fair, which have occupied the Oreads, and the short talks which have been given us upon important questions and characters of the times, have all been valuable means to the end sought. The Chicago daily has been an eagerly welcomed visitor in the Library, and all are truly grateful to the Oread Society for the pleasure thus afforded us. From the earnest talk and discussions upon living topics



edge of the most approved authors, as well as to acquire a practical and extensive vocabulary. Ability to converse with ease and propriety of diction is made the principal feature in the department of Modern Languages.

The Y. W. C. A. still continues to be a great power for good in our midst. Since September the membership has more than doubled itself.

Our ideals of self-development require that we keep in touch with the outside world. Hence the thought of the present as expressed in the periodicals

that we hear around us every day, we perceive that the privilege has been well used.

Many of those who have been with us know Mrs. Dearborn-Hazzen and love the singer with her clear, pure, bird tones, but love the woman more with her delicacy and truth. All these sympathize with her in the loss of her mother, who, even more than most, kept so in touch with all interests of her daughters, so young in spirit they forgot that for more than eighty times she had seen the new year grow old, and for more than a score of those years had watched for the summer days and the coming of her

youngest child. Now the mother has passed from the home transient to the home that abides, and there waits for the daughters who, for awhile, labor and sorrow it may be, joy and sing we hope, here below.

A stroll through our music hall, at any time of day, would convince the most casual observer that there is no lack of interest in the music department. The interest is not confined to a few, but is general. Every one seems fired with enthusiasm in her practice. It may be that the coming recitals and concerts which are so soon to be given have a tendency to inspire them to such activity. On the following dates occur the class recitals under Mrs. Hazzen, Miss Hatch and Miss Totten: April 29, May 1 and May 11.

The graduates in music each gives a recital. The closing concert will be on the evening of June 7. It generally represents the talent of the Music Department. The grand musical event of this season, however, will be a piano recital given some time in May by the principal of the Piano Department, Miss Luella Totten, assisted by vocal talent. The *Chicago Tribune* says: "Miss Totten is distinguished for her brilliant execution. She was accompanied by her teacher, Mr. Sherwood, in a Schumann impromptu from Manfred." The *Pittsburgh Press*: "Miss Totten plays with wonderful power of expression and her technique is delicate and refined." The *American Art Journal*, New York City: "Miss Totten is highly talented. She reads wonderfully well, has a clear, full and refined touch, abundant execution, good expression, more than ordinary conception."

Professor Hazzen's fiftieth birthday, February 14, 1893, will be long remembered by the friends who, announcing their coming as a surprise, assembled in the Seminary parlors on the evening of that date. The gentleman in question refused to consider himself surprised, since, from his point of view, one ceases, at fifty, to find surprises anywhere. The evening was spent recalling the past, for the greater part, and proved most enjoyable.

The Biology Club, organized for the pursuance of a wider study of the subject than mere class-room work affords, has been a pleasing feature in the Science Department. Ever since its formation, much interest and enthusiasm have been manifested by the members in seeking to make the bi-monthly meetings interesting, and not in one instance have they failed. The Agassiz program (comprising a short account of his life; the poem, "Agassiz's Prayer;" The Marine Biological Laboratory; and his "Relations to Biology") did much to instill some of

the earnest spirit of the great master into our work. The Insecta Program was distinct by reason of personal observations and study of several of the members. The Mollusca session was continued into the evening, when the class proved experimentally, around the soup tureen, that zoology is a fine subject, especially oysters.

In class work, the aim has been to present the subjects in a full and orderly manner before the class. In spite of the fact that the frog was very slimy and that the mouse caused great consternation by escaping, all the dissections this year have been helpful.

Last November, we were all alive to the importance of election. Frequent meetings and rallies were held at the recreation hour by both parties, at which able speakers swayed their hearers with eloquence upon the tariff or upon free trade.

In a lecture upon the Australian Ballot, Professor Hazzen so clearly demonstrated the beauty of that system of voting, that we proceeded without delay to prove its efficacy for ourselves. From material at hand—shawls and screens—inventive minds and ready hands constructed a booth, within which the voter could write her ticket without coercion. The household wringer, turned by one of the able police force enrolled for the occasion, passed the votes into the guarded ballot-box.

The polls were singularly quiet and the voting orderly, only one attempt being made to stuff the boxes. The offender was quietly removed, and after paying a five dollar fine was released by the police. It is not our fault that Benj. Harrison vacated the Presidential chair this spring.

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#### OUR TREES.

Close about our pleasant home,  
Tall and strong the old trees stand;  
In the storms they talk together,  
Call thro' all the storm-tossed land,  
"Strong! Strong! Be Strong!"  
Joyful then for us the song,  
When the right has made us strong.

Low and sweet, so low, so sweet,  
Breathe the words in gentle breeze,  
In the sunshine, soft, warm sunshine,  
In the whispers of the trees:  
"Peace! Peace! God's peace!"  
As His sunshine, as His dew,  
May God's peace abide with you!"

Strong in courage, faith and hope,  
Stand they firm a faithful band,  
When the evening shadows gather  
In the weary, weary land;  
"Rest! Home! Dear home!"  
Weary souls to you are given  
Rest and home and love and heaven."



## REUNION.

A Reunion of teachers and students of the past and present will be held in Chicago in June. There will not be a Reunion as usual in Mt. Carroll in connection with the closing of the school year. All who have been teachers and students of the institution at any time are urged to plan as far as possible to be at the Chicago meeting to renew and make new acquaintances among those of the present and past.

The arrangements have been left with the officers of the Reunion Society, whose names appear in the Society Directory found in another column. Please see further announcement as to date and place in this paper. As the first matter goes to press, these have not been fixed, but we hope to be able to announce them before the OREAD comes from the printer. Husbands and wives—the “brothers-in-law” as they have been termed, and the sisters-in-law too—are most cordially invited to be present at this meeting.

It has been thought best not to arrange for a banquet now, but to have an entirely informal meeting for the purpose of social intercourse.

*Let each one who reads this consider himself or herself appointed as a committee of one to announce the Reunion to interested school friends.*

Mrs. Ora Knowlton Flynn, the poet of '79, is now living in Davenport, Iowa. Her home duties have prevented her from writing for us at this time. The words of her “Unaware,” read in June of '79, come back to us, and we copy a part as quite suited to this present:

Sing softly, summer birds, the while I set  
My simple words to your sweet aria;  
For whether skies be foul or skies be fair,  
Through storm and sheen, in leafy trees and bare,  
Somewhere ye build, and, building, sing and woo  
Your willing mates through all the happy year.  
And I would have, O little, winsome birds,  
Such words of cheer and hope upon my lips  
To day, such words as fit themselves to your  
Sweet tune so perfectly, that ever more  
Some heart may lighter be for having heard.  
This fair “last day” is like a full-blown rose,  
Whose petals shine with dew-drops—I am loath  
To call them tears—why should we weep when God  
Doth turn the leaves and mark a passage here  
For us to think on afterwards?  
This day was like a rose whose petals fade and fall.  
I would, dear friends, it might be gathered now,  
And pressed within our book of Common Prayer;  
About whose leaves shall linger, ever more,  
Its odor sweet, and if it, sometimes, be  
The Lord's good will that we shall meet once more  
Together here, I pray we come like those  
Who turn from toil a little space, to sit  
Within the shadow of a pleasant vine  
Whose purple clusters, gathered ripe and full,  
Before the dew was off the paths of life,

Still brim the chalices we touch and quaff  
For “Auld Lang Syne,” with wine grown pure and rich,  
With long experience wisely understood,  
Dear Master of the vineyard, grant to her  
Who, taught by thee, has set and reared this vine,  
And unto all whose hearts have taught their hands  
To wisely help her watch and train and prune,  
Till now it bends with fruitage—grant, we pray,  
The benediction of thy constant smile,  
That maketh light the heart, the strong support  
Of thy protecting arm, the perfect peace  
And rest of heart that come to all who do,  
In quietness and patience, day by day,  
Thy sacred errands in thy holy name.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

## Officers of the Alumnae Society.

President.....Miss SARAH HOSTETTER.  
Vice-President.....HARRIET HALDERMAN.  
Secretary.....Miss J. M. HALL.  
Treasurer.....Mrs. J. M. RINEWALT.

## Officers of the Reunion Society.

President.....Miss MARGARET WINTERS.  
First Vice-President.....Mrs. S. LUDWICK.  
Second Vice-President.....Miss LIZZIE ROGGY.  
Third Vice-President.....Mr. JOHN RINEWALT.  
Secretary.....Miss J. CLAYWELL.  
Executive Committee.....  
                                            { Miss JOY,  
                                            { Mrs. N. DAVIS,  
                                            { Mr. A. B. HOSTETTER.

## “Oread” Officers.

President.....Miss TAYLOR.  
Vice-President.....Miss COCHRAN.  
Recording Secretary.....Miss LAPSCOTT.  
Corresponding Secretary.....Miss RHODES.  
Treasurer.....Miss HOWELL.  
Librarian.....Miss HAZELBAKER.  
First Critic.....Miss BROWNLEE.  
Second Critic.....Miss YEAGER.  
First Teller.....Miss HOYMAN.  
Second Teller.....Miss PICOTTE.  
Committee Assisting in this { Miss RILEY,  
number of the OREAD.... { Miss TAYLOR,  
                                            { Miss HANSON.

## Y. W. C. A. Officers.

President.....Miss HAZELBAKER.  
Vice-President.....Miss BOOTH.  
Secretary.....Miss ROBINSON.  
Treasurer.....Miss COCHRAN.  
Corresponding Secretary.....Miss WADDELL.

Miss I. F. Jones and Mrs. Bede bring pleasantly to mind the seven young women who appeared arrayed in dainty print Commencement Day in '78. Miss Jones sends her card showing her connection with the “Ellsworth Land Association,” Chicago. Mrs. Bede, Chadwick, Ill., has frequently been recognized as one of clear thought and practical wisdom by being called upon to use her pen for the various gatherings of the county at which questions of general interest and usefulness were discussed.



## LETTERS.

The following letter to the Oread Committee we take the liberty of copying for the school friends of other days :

56 CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, April 3, 1893.

MISSSES MARY TAYLOR, JULIA HANSON, JESSIE RILEY :

*My Dear Ladies*—In reply to your letter of the 28th of last month, I can simply say that I attended the Mt. Carroll Seminary during the session of '63-64, if I remember correctly, which was the last year that it remained as a mixed school. I was a mere lad at that time, but I was so impressed with the measures of instruction, and such a spirit of earnestness prevailed in the school, that the memory of that year's work has never been dimmed by the rushing and turbulent experiences of the years that have since gone by, and I owe much of the success of my life—which, perhaps, has been more than is given to the majority of men—to the strengthening of all that is good in me which I sustained during that formative period of my life.

After leaving the Seminary I spent one year in Wheaton College, but finally went to the University of Chicago, where, after six years' steady work, I graduated in the classical department. Choosing medicine as a study, I graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago two years later; was valedictorian of my class; and immediately afterwards was called upon to fill the chair of anatomy. A few years later, with a majority of the Faculty, I aided in founding the Chicago Homeopathic Medical College, with which I am at present connected. During all these years I have been a teacher in medicine; for ten years in anatomy, for six years in surgery, and for the remaining time in a special chair called official surgery, which has been created especially for me as a result of my personal discoveries in the field of medicine. I have for many years been one of the consulting surgeons of Cook County Hospital, and my success in the treatment of chronic diseases finally led me to abandon general practice and to confine my attention exclusively to the deep problems of special work.

As the result of successes in this direction, some friends erected for me the most beautiful building in the country, containing one hundred and forty rooms, for the treatment of chronic diseases. It is known as the Lincoln Park Sanitarium, and my private work is entirely confined to this building. We edit a journal called the *Journal of Official Surgery*, and I have had the honor of giving instruction to over one thousand doctors, exclusive of medical students, in the special line of work which it seemed my mission to introduce to the world. The thought is so valuable a one that by means of it fully four-fifths of the cases which before had been incurable can be restored to complete and permanent health. Realizing the value of this discovery, the University of Chicago conferred upon me the degree of LL.D., which I have now possessed for many years.

The current of my life has drifted me far away from my old schoolmates of the Seminary, and I have not been for a long time within hearing distance of any of my former associates in this institution, whose memory is halo-crowned, and, therefore, unable to give you any items of interest concerning any of the old students. I have given you a few brief items in my own history, which you can use or not at your discretion.

My secretary will send you a souvenir of the Lincoln Park Sanitarium, and also a copy of the March number of the *Journal of Official Surgery*.

Very respectfully yours,

E. H. PRATT.

CHICAGO, April 4, 1893.

OREAD COMMITTEE, MOUNT CARROLL SEMINARY :

*Ladies*—Your letter of the 21st ultimo has put me in a reminiscent mood. I can scarcely realize that the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Mount Carroll Seminary will occur on the 11th of May, next, and yet my recollection of the Seminary runs back almost that number of years. I remember very well one

fourth of July, it must have been in 1857 or 1858, when I was permitted to spend the day in Mount Carroll. In those days, farmers' boys seldom went to town, and this experience was quite an event in my life. However, all things I saw that day, except one, have long since faded from my memory. That exception is the dear old Seminary. I then saw it for the first time. To my boyish eyes, the buildings seemed immense, although only a small portion of the present buildings were then in existence, and I wondered if I should ever be so fortunate as to be included among its students.

In the winter of 1860, I first entered the Seminary, and remained there until I was ready to enter college. I shall always regard my going to the Seminary as the most important event in my life, and among the many things for which I am profoundly grateful to my parents, there is no one thing for which I am more grateful than for their decision to send me to Mount Carroll Seminary. Although more than thirty eventful years have passed since then, it seems to me but yesterday that my father took me to the Seminary and, for the first time, I saw Mrs. Shimer. I recall very well her cordial grasp of the hand, and the welcome which almost made me feel at home. Then came my father's departure and the feeling of utter loneliness which comes to a boy who, for the first time, finds himself among strangers. In those days, however, there was little opportunity for loneliness. The Seminary was full of bright, ambitious pupils, and there was plenty of work and wholesome recreation. To all Mrs. Shimer was a mother. To every student, her presence was then, as it has been through all subsequent years, a benediction. Miss Gregory, the model teacher, was in her prime; Professor Shimer taught higher mathematics in a manner seldom equaled; Professor Silvernail, the accomplished scholar and refined gentleman, was an inspiration to all who came within his influence; and Miss Holman, a woman of noble character, was the teacher of music. I doubt if any school has ever had better teachers than these. With how much pleasure do the old pupils recall the classes in Henkle's Higher Algebra, Intellectual Arithmetic, Virgil, and Vocal Music. And why? Because of the excellent manner in which these subjects were taught, and because also of the personality of the teachers. How little did they realize what an important part they had in shaping character, and how much do we pupils owe to these faithful friends and teachers.

Among my classmates were Linnaeus Hostetter, Abram Hostetter, Mamie Hostetter, William Shirk, Samuel Hayes, Libbie McDermont, D. W. Crouse, J. N. Crouse, Morris Rea, E. W. Lyman, "Frankie" Snow, George E. Miller, Rebecca Holderman, S. E. Gross, Nancy Brainard, Virgil Ferguson, W. H. Redman, David Strock, the Mason sisters, and many others, the mere mention of whose names calls up most pleasant memories.

The Hostetter boys (I always think of my classmates as boys and girls) are still within reach of Mrs. Shimer's call. Mamie Hostetter, now Mrs. Greenleaf, one of the most gifted of Mrs. Shimer's girls, resides at Augusta, Ga.; Will Shirk, who early gave promise of his brilliant and successful career, is one of the most honored citizens of his adopted State, Missouri, and resides in Sedalia, in that State. Sam Hayes, the earnest student, is one of the professors in the law department of the University of Iowa; D. W. Crouse is a physician of large practice at Waterloo, Iowa. He and Sam Hayes were afterwards my room-mates at college. J. N. Crouse ranks among the first dentists in Chicago; Morris Rea is a successful lawyer at Grundy Center, Iowa; E. W. Lyman and his wife, formerly known to us as "Frankie" Snow, have a beautiful home at Oak Park, Ill., and are greatly respected by all who know them; George E. Miller is a busy and useful physician at Hanover, Ill. Libbie McDermont and Nancy Brainard are, I think, deceased. S. E. Gross is one of Chicago's millionaires; Virgil Ferguson is one of the leading members of the Illinois State Senate; W. H. Redman has been Speaker of the House of Representatives of Iowa, but is now practicing law in Chicago.

During these years, the Philomathean, a literary society of high grade, flourished at the Seminary, and was very helpful to all that belonged to it. Many of us there learned lessons in parliamentary law, which have been useful to us upon many occasions since.

In 1861, the great Civil War began, and nearly all of the Seminary boys who were old enough, entered the army. Those of us, who were too young for service, envied our classmates who enlisted and watched their career with interest. There was then a large vacant square north of the Seminary grounds, and there the soldiers drilled until they went into camp at Freeport, or elsewhere. I remember well with how much interest I watched their awkward evolutions, and how ambitious I was to be at least a drummer boy. The girls busied themselves in making temporary uniforms for the new soldiers and beautiful flags for presentation to the companies which went from Mount Carroll. They were fully as patriotic as the boys. But I have already made this letter too long. Some of the references made may call up pleasant memories to the students of "long ago." If so, I shall be glad.

To me the memory of those far-away school days is very precious, and my gratitude to Mrs. Shimer, and the other teachers who were associated with her, increases as the years go by. May her remaining days be full of the peace and happiness which she has so well earned by long and faithful service in behalf of others.

Very truly yours,

H. H. C. MILLER.

ITHACA, MICH., April 20, 1893.

Dear Oread:—To-day the "mill has been grinding with the waters that are past," and oh! the grist they have ground! Memories! memories! sad, sweet, tender, bright and always dear! 1869. The year you were born, my dear little wood nymph! I have marked that year with a white stone, for in that same year a lasting friendship was born. You are now before me in your first dress, your christening robe. How we thought and talked about your name, and how good you have been not to change it! Not so with some of your sponsors! Stand up, girls of '68 and '69, who have dared gang your ain gait with the maiden snood about your brave heads. Let me count you. Alas! I can not. This I know, that having been daughters of our Seminary, somewhere you must be doing life's work earnestly and well.

To those who have solved this problem and proved it true that  $1 + 1 = 1$ , I stretch my hand of fellowship across unknown spaces. Walking carefully in God's appointed way, we shall not miss life's best meaning, and what greater joy could there be if our jewels are counted when Christ comes to his kingdom? Dearer than all other memories are those linked with eternity. Some of our dear girls will never grow old. For them no secret heart-sinking at the first sign of a vanishing youth! From the brightness and beauty of maidenhood to the wonderful beauty and eternal youth of heaven. Now it is not in our hearts to mourn even for our beloved Miss Mason, so near have we come to the world's great trysting-place where our Savior will "keep his tryst" with his beloved.

One thing more let me say to you, my OREAD. It comes from the depths of my heart and is so *livingly* true that it has not been buried by the accumulated debris and wreckage of the twenty-four years since I first clasped the hand and looked into the kind eyes of our Principal. Going from my Eastern home a partial invalid, though too ill to fulfill the duties of my position for a large portion of the year, during all the time I knew nothing but kindness and loving care, and that year, as at no other period of my life, I became "rooted and grounded" in my faith in humanity.

"God over all, blessed forever." Yes, and God *in* the world, in the hearts of his people, blessing forever. If there could be a roll-call for these forty years, how many would respond with me that this life whose record is written in their hearts and in God's book of remembrance, is, indeed, a "blessing forever."

MARY F. WATERBURY.

[Once a teacher, well beloved, in Mt. Carroll Seminary.—Ed.]

WINFIELD, KAN., April 18, 1893.

My Dear Miss Joy:—It must be a pleasure, I am sure, to the "old girls" who have shared the advantages of the dear Seminary, to send greetings and congratulations on this her fortieth anni-

versary. The days spent within her walls are indeed a happy memory to me, and so fresh a memory that it is difficult to believe eleven years have come and gone since the bright May morning when school days ended, and a life of new pleasures and duties began.

Five of these years were spent in China, from whence I returned with our five children last August. My husband and sister Elia are still there, living and working about one hundred and seventy-five miles inland from Swatow.

With earnest wishes for the future success of the Seminary, its founder and its teachers, I am,

Loyally and affectionately,

JENNIE WERTMAN CAMPBELL.

521 UNION STREET, HUDSON, N. Y.

To the Oread Committee:—So many years have sped since I was assisting our beloved Mrs. Shimer, in Mt. Carroll, that those who remember me there must be looked for among the mothers and grandmothers of the present. Even the personals of the OREAD have long ceased to look familiar to me. In the list of references in the announcement sent me the other day, the names Metcalf, Hostetter and Miller called to my mind vivid pictures which, if I could present them to others as representations of the dignified doctor and lawyers aforesaid, would bring miles to even the bearers of the names.

My memories of Mt. Carroll and of my classes in the Seminary are very pleasant to me. I had taught for several years before going there, but it was there that I first began truly to enjoy the work of teaching. They were many under my instruction who were dear to me, both as pupils and friends, and all my recollections of them are happy. But most of all I loved our dear Principal, and only a day or two before receiving your communication, I was thinking that I would try to find time to write and tell her that I still love her and often think of her.

Of myself I have nothing of general interest to tell. I left Mt. Carroll in '63, and in '67 my older sister and I opened a girls' school of our own here in our native town. We have had great rewards in the pleasure of our work and in the love of our pupils. We have had three hundred and fifty girls of ages from seven to twenty, and have graduated forty, one-fifth of whom were never in any school but ours, and we are proud of the way in which, as women, they bear life's tests.

For Mrs. Shimer I wish every possible joy and blessing.

CORNELIA SKINNER.

[There are few who have been connected with the Seminary whose name has come to seem so like that of a friend to us who belong to these latter years, as that of Miss Cornelia Skinner. She has the good wishes for abundant prosperity, not only of the Principal whom she knows, but some of the rest of us who have never looked into her face.]

SNELL HALL, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, April 17, 1893.

Dear Friends:—I am not at all confident that I have anything to say that will interest you, especially the friends with whom I was associated as a student, for since the Seminary became my alma mater, my greatest interests have been there, and you keep informed of her work and progress; besides, many of the happiest experiences there I may not write of now. The years since '87 have been of the happiest sort, crowded with busy days, and leaving many dear and beautiful memories. I can not write as some of you do of the school-days either, for their happy times have been so overshadowed by the happier years when I have learned to know the Seminary and the friends who made it what it is, as I never knew them in the old times, and perhaps never could have known them had I not fortunately been both student and teacher. I find that one is more of a learner almost in the latter position than in the former.

But this year has brought me something different in the way of student life, and I have been enjoying the advantages to the full. Some of you know that the great University of Chicago



has drawn me here among its seven hundred students. As you may guess, it matters little to the *seven hundred* that I am among them, but much to *me*. It is thought by some that we should have done better to enter an older institution, and it is true that there have been some disadvantages, as, for instance, when we move into a new building, which was the case last week. Imagine, if you can, in one building, sixty-four women, furniture for as many rooms, carpenters, plasterers, house-cleaners, movers, plumbers, trunks, a few agonized janitors trying to suit the furniture to the rooms and the maidens, and getting lamps to illuminate the scene in the evening because the gas was not in, and over and through all a generous sprinkling of dust and shavings, and you have a picture of Snell Hall as it appeared on Saturday, April 15th. To the world at large, this "moving" may not appear to be one of the great events in the history of the first year of the great University; we who took an active part in it could not so easily be persuaded that it was a commonplace event. It was a source of great satisfaction that the workmen approved of us because, as one of them told Mrs. Palmer, we "took it so cheerful-like," "all on account of higher education," as one of the women said. A few ludicrous mistakes and cases of absentmindedness occurring in the packing and moving were likewise credited to the "higher education," but, on the whole, good sense and good nature prevailed, and the experience has contained enough of fun to balance the seriousness.

But aside from small inconveniences like these, it is to many of us a great thing to have been here at the beginning of this great school, to have seen the foundation of its plans, its ideals, its traditions—to see its soul a-making; to feel that we have been, if ever so small a part, yet after all a part of its life. As has been suggested more than once, it will be something for us to tell in after years, when the campus shall be filled with the beautiful buildings that are planned, and when there shall be real grass where now there is but a warning to "keep off," what we fondly imagine *will be* grass in a few weeks—in those years we shall tell with pride of how *we* waded through sand to Cobb Hall in those first days, and saw the thistles and cows which furnished the only decorations of the campus, and as years go on the sand may grow deeper, the thistles higher, and, perchance, the cows may turn into bears, and we shall be looked upon by future generations of students as heroes and heroines of the pioneer days. But nonsense aside, there has been, to me at least, and I believe to many more, an inspiration and a charm about this first year of life in a great University that sprang almost full-fledged into being, that will never come again. For many reasons I should prefer an old institution of learning. But if it can not be very old, and *can* be great in its beginnings, then let us know it in its first year.

I need say nothing to you about the material University—you have all known of its magnificent endowment, an endowment so great that the University needs, as Dr. Harper says, a great deal more just *because* it already has so much—the beautiful Gothic buildings of gray stone that are finished and have already taken on a hue of age, due to Chicago's smoke; and of the many more that are to come; of the splendid libraries; of all, in fact, that is so fine under the right conditions, but that without *men* would be almost useless. But the men are here without doubt. Dr. Harper, with his keen intellectual powers in so many lines, and his capacity for business and unceasing work, and his many co-workers with the most splendid gifts of every sort, among which the most genuine manliness and simple, earnest Christianity are not wanting. I am not fitted to tell you of all these, but I may tell you what an inspiration it has been to hear and know them, as well as the other notable men who have come to us during the year, among whose visits that of Professor Palmer, of Harvard, with his helpful addresses to us, will not soon be forgotten. Sometimes it brings discouragement and dissatisfaction with one's self, too, to think that one has accomplished, and may accomplish, so little, when so much is to be done. But one learns anew what was felt before, that the lesser service is just as needful; the preparatory work must be the better done because of the great opportunities that await. The great University only extends the need for

schools like our Alma Mater, whose forty years have done so much for women, and in whose many more, as we hope, the work shall go on.

With best wishes for the highest success and truest happiness of all the Seminary's, and trusting that there may be need of many more years of service from her, I am

Yours for Alma Mater, JESSIE M. HALL.

Dear "Old Girls:"—There! I knew you would not recognize my call, but if you'll give me an opportunity, I can convince you that I am not personally responsible in the least, for so confusing you. Just gather with me in Miss Barber's room, and we'll soon come to an understanding.

Yes, "old Time is a liar, we're twenty to-night,"—what a pleasant company is gathered. How natural the old room looks, but why not? we've only been away for a long vacation. Oh! the explanation promised.

Well, the truth of the matter, in a word, is this. Just before the close of this last vacation (?) I received a letter from Miss Joy (there is but one Miss Joy; you know of course to whom I refer) asking me to contribute a poem, or paper, or letter, or something, to our OREAD, in celebration of the fortieth Anniversary of our school, as it was to be dedicated (not the school, but this number of OREAD) to the "old girls." Now, I felt equal to just one acceptance of her letter, and that the contribution of a "paper," and a very blank piece at that, but somehow, you know Miss Joy's way, even a letter from her carries a controlling and convincing atmosphere." (There! you can not fail to see that I've been keeping in "touch" with the literature and *atmosphere* of the day), so I replied that I'd send "something," though I felt any way but poetical. Accordingly I took up my idle and ancient pen, and turned my eyes instinctively toward the World's Fair grounds, an hour or less ride from my dwelling-place, at the time. I cogitated thus—I am to address the "old girls," of whom I am one, and surely I'll find inspiration among these other ancient relics, but my mind began wandering (not strange considering age) and I found myself quoting again from Holmes,

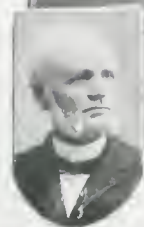
"Has any old fellow got  
Mixed with the boys?  
If there has, put him out,  
Without making a noise."

And then I smiled complacently in a glass near, at the "unfurrowed brow," fewness of gray hairs, at the evidently happy, restful, merry heart back of the eyes, undimmed by traces of "disconsolate tears." Suddenly a group of seven stood around me. What the "long vacation" between our days of meeting had brought each, I knew little, save that one at least was honored as wife and crowned as mother, leading as ever a royal, because well-ordered and divinely led life, and I knew, by a deep power of vision, that each and all of the seven were standing in a God-appointed place, thus a place of honor and usefulness, though the world gave no recognition, perchance, to the seemingly humble, hidden life. "I Serve" had evidently been graven on their hearts. But others joined our perfect number, and singly and in groups formed a picture I hold, but can not paint. Days of toil, and times of pleasure; hopes both realized and deferred efforts fruitless in the seeming; rewards unexpected, the ripe fruits of deserving. All this, and far more, mingled as lights and shadows in that picture. Suddenly I exclaimed "dear old girls," as Miss Joy bid me, and how puzzled you all appeared, how intently you watched to see who was addressed. Even the seven hesitated, as to whether, even in "fun," I meant them.

Well, I've kept you too long. Wordiness is an old characteristic, you know, and even a business woman falls into "old" ways, upon occasion. Sometime we'll meet in this fashion again, "dear old girls," and invite the "old" teachers to join us. No! I've not forgotten; it's a tender and loving memory. Perhaps with these dear teachers we'll have our next meeting. As He wills.

With the above comes the following:





FLOWERS OF MEMORY—DEDICATED TO  
"OUR CLASS."

JUNE 11, 1878 AND 1893.

To-day let us gather,  
And briefly hold fast  
The dear, fleeting years  
That belong to the past.  
Let us bind them together  
As flowers are bound,  
Till their fragrance, their richness,  
Their beauty, is found.

Here are roses and lilies,  
The bright and the fair;  
Lay some on your heart,  
Bind some in your hair.  
Smile rejoicingly, tenderly.  
Down on them all;  
They will hide any tear-drop  
That may chance to fall.

The snowdrop and daisy,  
Though hidden, you'll find;  
Heart's-ease and pansies,  
Faces sweet and refined.  
*Forget-me-nots*, in rich  
Profusion behold,  
So choice, that not one  
Could be purchased with gold.

Perchance *hands* may grow weary,  
Though *hearts* have grown strong,  
With the weight of the years,  
If we hold them too long.  
So, while memories cluster,  
A gathering throng,  
We'll divide the sweet flowers,  
While keeping the song.

ISABELLE T. JONES,  
(Class of '78).

AUBURNDALE, FLA., March 3, 1893.

Dear School Friends:—A greeting I send you from the sunny South, where I am so fortunate as to be able to spend three or four months of this year.

Our trip from Iowa was made during the latter part of January, when the thermometer was registering 18 and 20 degrees below zero, and the snow flying as if trying to send us off in a genuine northern blizzard. In four days what a change! We were where there was no breath of winter, flowers were blooming, birds singing and fruit hanging on the trees, and the first night of our arrival we were treated to a heavy thunder shower. It was a change that was very welcome to at least one member of our party and the charm has not as yet worn off. I only wish some of our northern friends could be here to enjoy it with us.

We have a pleasant location, one mile from the town of Auburndale and on the bank of a lovely little lake, one of the many that are in this vicinity. This part of the country is called the sand hills of Florida, and from my observation I should judge it to be an appropriate name. I have seen little else since coming and do not care to exchange good Iowa soil for it. However, although it takes a great deal of work in fertilizing, etc., it appears to be a good place for fruit and vegetables of all kinds. This year tomatoes seem to be the principal crop in the vegetable line. Every one is raising them for shipment and soon wrappers and packers will be in great demand. Some have them ready for the market now, but the greater number will not be ready to ship before April and May.

The numerous lakes near here afford good opportunities for fishing, for any one who enjoys such sport. Boat loads go out

every day and usually meet with fair success, the fish caught being mostly trout.

Did you ever see or hear of a spider fishing? The other day the men of our house saw one at that sport. They were down at the little lake and heard quite a splashing near the dock, and on going to investigate the cause saw this—A good-sized black spider hanging on to some weeds near the shore, so that his legs did not touch the water. His head was under, and he had caught a minnow by the back of the neck and was slowly drawing it out. Notwithstanding the splashing made by the fish in its effort to escape, the spider at last managed to kill it and draw it up on shore. It must have been a heavy load, too, as the fish was two and a half or three inches in length. When this was accomplished the men captured both spider and victim and put them in alcohol, where they may be seen at any time.

The orange groves will soon be in full bloom and will be a beautiful sight, especially to one who has never seen them before. Even now, when the buds are just swelling, the air about them is made sweet with their perfume. It makes one long to be the owner of a grove, and live where such fruit can be grown.

Although as yet I have not had much of an opportunity for seeing the country, still I like what I have seen, and consider it much more preferable at this season of the year than living in the frozen North.

Now, wishing that our Alma Mater may be as flourishing forty years hence as it is to-day, I remain

Your friend,

MAUD R. ELDER.

[Miss Maud Elder, of Concord, Iowa, since her graduation has been a teacher of music part of the time, but more recently has been in the bank in Concord, Iowa, and become enthusiastic as a business woman. She is always welcome as a visitor when she comes to Alma Mater, which she has done a few times since leaving us as a student.—ED.]

The following letter from Mrs. Helen Belding Seymour was sent to the Oread Committee in reply to theirs asking for news of students. Knowing Mrs. Seymour's friends will be pleased to hear from her, we take the liberty of copying the entire letter:

431 CARONDELET ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 4, 1893.

Miss Jessie Riley, of the "Oread" Committee:

Yours of the 20th ult. at hand and contents noted. We gladly acquiesce in anything that shall do "honor to whom honor is due." None are more deserving than our own Mrs. Shiner. She has built up a school that should stand as a monument, to her noble life-work, through coming ages or until the end of time.

I can not realize that forty years have passed since the inception of the Mt. Carroll Seminary, and yet when we note the hundreds of men and women who have received their education at this well-known institution and see the practical demonstration of the excellent training, and know that "old students" from this school are scattered from Lake to Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, filling creditably every position in life, forty years is little time to have accomplished so much.

I have nothing to draw from but memory of the old days, but I readily recall Miss Shotwell (teacher of higher Mathematics), Miss Susan Thomas, Miss Dailey, W. T. Frohert, Oliver Simmons and D. B. Colehouer, all of whom have long since been numbered with the dead. Miss Holman, who was Miss Dailey's successor as teacher of music, is still teaching in Chicago; has devoted all of these years to the care and education of others. A noble woman, and the same lovely character as in the old Seminary days, whom none knew but to love and admire. No one could forget her fine singing. I believe she has not been able to sing for some years on account of ill health, or weak lungs.

My husband's name was on the first roll, my own not until '55, I think—my last year about '59. I was among the assistant teachers. My teaching extended over a period of ten years, all in Carroll County, Ill. Mr. Seymour has been in railway service



thirty years or more, having filled various positions and finally completely breaking down in health, which accounts for the past year being largely spent in this Southern climate.

We shall hail the day of our return to the North land and home. Happy school days! Who can tell how many were able to carry out fond ambitions and resolutions made in the old Seminary? We still love the old institution for what it was to us and for what it has done for hundreds of others.

Sincerely,

HELEN BELDING SEYMOUR.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Mt. Carroll has meant so much to me. I find myself thinking sometimes: "What if I had missed you! I came to you by such a little miracle."

MAUD MENEFEE.

The two years of my Seminary life were the best God has given me, and I feel more thankful than I can tell or you understand, for them.

HORTENSE MURPHY DEAN,  
Vandalia, Ill.

Mrs. Mary Van Vechten Pinkney in a private letter writes: "I wish I could tell you how much I feel my indebtedness to you for those years of helpfulness spent with you. Life is much better and sweeter to me because of it. I believe I appreciated the noble aims and splendid methods of your work. I think often of my visit at the Seminary, and it is still a delight to me." Mrs. Pinkney's address is 418 Bowen Ave., Chicago.

With the work and worry, the dark days and bright, the bitter, the sweet, that must surely enter into every life, come the thought, the past was good, the present better, and you taught us to find this *golden* side of life. I am sure I only echo the wish of hundreds, when I hope for many more years of usefulness for Mt. Carroll Seminary and her worthy Principal.

Very sincerely,

CLARA A. ROBINSON,  
Greenville, Ill.

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. James Nimon, of Denison, Tex., says: "We are pleased to know that Mt. Carroll students of to-day, as of old, appreciate and respect the noble work and useful life of its founder. We attribute much of what success we have attained in life to the many practical lessons so forcibly impressed upon us by both precept and example of your Principal, Mrs. Shimer. Long may she live to enjoy the fruits of her labor, as well as the love and honor of her friends."

I have so long been out of touch with the teachers and students of the "Mt. Carroll Seminary," that the names of teachers and students, with two notable exceptions, are strangers to me. Dr. and Mrs.

Shimer are still familiar names and find recollections of thirty years ago. After three decades and the cares of twenty-four years in active professional life are passed, the recollections of my school days at the Seminary are very vivid and recur to my memory very often among my pleasantest recollections. Those were happy and profitable days to me.

Wishing you success in your Anniversary labors, I am,

Very sincerely,

D. W. CROUSE.

[Dr. Crouse, of Waterloo, Iowa, is referred to by Mr. Miller on another page of this number.]

Mrs. Lillian Seymour McAfee, Clinton, Iowa, writes one of the Oread Committee: "Among the sweetest recollections of my girlhood are those which cluster around the dear old Seminary which I entered a little mite of six years, remaining there as pupil and teacher until my marriage in 1876. For all those years I can truly say I have not one unhappy or unpleasant remembrance. The atmosphere within its walls was for me always peace and sunshine. The recollections of my school days are so indissolubly connected with the Principal that to write of one is to eulogize the other. To my childish imagination Mrs. Shimer was the embodiment of all that was lovable, noble and grand. My love for her was of that perfect kind in which fear had no place.

"I can almost see myself a little chubby girl sitting, as I often used to sit, on a stool at her feet, hardly daring to stir for fear of disturbing her as she sat writing, looking up into her face, wondering if there ever had been such a being—amply repaid by the smile and kind word given."

Many remember the Gould sisters, of Eaton, Ohio. The quotation from Mrs. Mary Gould Brooke's letter for the Reunion Society was omitted by the composers of a previous number of the OREAD. We insert here:

"To those who remember me I will say that for the past four years I have been getting along in double harness; that is, I am married. I am not going to make the mistake I did in writing to Miss Joy, and introduce you first to the five cats and two dogs and other dumb brutes we own, making you think I am describing an old maid's paradise, but bring my husband in first and say of him that he is the best of men—and life seems just as young and happy to me now as in the days of '78 and '79. . . .

"My sister Edith is still in Eaton and devotes much of her time to her greatest pleasure—music. She has a nice class of sixteen to take up her spare time. We often talk over our Alma Mater and schoolmates and wish we might again see them."

The friendships formed there were very happy ones, and are still *very dear*, friends. I am anticipating a visit in June from Emma Ames, principal of Music in '70 and '71; she is now Mrs. W. W. Buckingham and her home is New York City. Flora (Dennison) Dinehart hopes to visit me at the same time. In thinking of the school days there is a feeling of sadness that there are so many of our number gone to their long homes. This fortieth Anniversary recalls vividly to my mind the pleasant ten days spent at the Seminary on the occasion of the twenty-fifth Anniversary.

After the Anniversary celebration was over I was one of four of the girls of '71 to spend a week with our dear Principal. Mrs. Nona Branch Sawyer, Mrs. Amelia Moore Kling, then a bride of two weeks, and Lucina Benson were the others; and they were *very happy* days in living over the past, visiting our old friends, and best of all, Mrs. Shimer, at *liberty* to visit with us. Two of that number have passed away—Amelia, about four years ago, and Lucina a few months ago. Thus time brings changes each year. Among others it brought a change of *name* to me about two years ago. Wishing you the brightest success in your interesting work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MRS. G. A. FISKE, *nee* LIBBIE DEWOLF,  
Delavan, Wis.

Mrs. Etta Wood Gove, of Garner, Iowa, reports herself as one of the class of '81; which is well remembered by all who have heard the story of the "hatchet." She writes: "What tangled webs we mothers (some of us) would weave if we tried, with the miniature Sem. girl at our knees, to prepare articles for inspection.

"During Mr. Gove's visits to schools he has met Mrs. S. G. Howland, *nee* Mary Phillips, who was at the Sem. some twenty years since. She, like so many others who have had the Seminary for a school home, entertains fond remembrances. I think the present members of the large family can not now realize what a feast is being prepared for those who have been absent for some years. I presume many who reply to your note could say with me, 'My eyes fill with tears while I'm thinking.'"

Extracts from a Letter by EMMA GELLEY PELSUE:

I have been married nearly six years and have the dearest little boy in the world. Harold is three and one-half years old. I wish you could take a "peep" at him. I have been busily engaged in my teaching ever since leaving the Seminary in "'83" and am now interested in working up a music department in the new Normal School just opened here in Carroll. I frequently meet some of the Seminary friends,

Last summer I succeeded in working up interest enough to secure Miss Blanche E. Strong for ten weeks' work.

It was a delightful treat for *me*, and left a bright spot in the memory of all who came in contact with her. We needed a "freshing up" in our music circle, and the outgrowth has been the forming of a club, which meets every two weeks, "The Musical Hour"—so you see there is still a desire to improve.

Jennie Brooks Sturges still lives in Carroll, and has just returned from California, where they spent the winter for Mr. Sturges' health.

Grace White Mighell lives at Lake City, about twenty-two miles from us. We occasionally exchange visits. She has two bright children.

Ella Thurman Browning (who was a student in the Sem. of the fall of '82) lives in Los Angeles. She has two little boys, but continues to study music, and is a successful teacher and pianist.

I visited with Anna Williamson Collins, at River Forest, Ill., last August. She has a bright little boy, and I found her home quite a cool retreat after the bustle and heat of the city, where we had been visiting. We spent two months in Potsdam, N. Y., with my husband's people, and on our return stopped a few days with Miss Strong at Benton Harbor, Mich. I found her nicely situated keeping house with her father and mother and working ever at her music. I also visited at the same time with Nellie K. Hobbs Smyth (just before her marriage), found the same lovable girl as of old, and it brought back afresh the never-to-be-forgotten days at the Seminary.

Lillian Hamblen Garst has visited me several times since leaving school, and I have spent some time with her, but since my marriage have not heard from her. We gave several concerts together, and had a "musical time" in general when we met.

Eva Jones Young lives at Le Roy, Minn., and has been married about five years. We exchange visits, tho' not often as I could wish.

Agnes Waddell Early lives at Sac City; have not seen her for years, tho' we live so short a distance apart.

Emma Carpenter Hassett lived here for some time; is now in San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Visa Deuel, who taught music here for a short time, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Paine, for a few days.

Mrs. Ara Ingalls Morgan, of the class of '77, has been for some time in Chicago, and is now well established as a business woman. The energy and push that were exhibited in her school-girl days serve her well now that she has become one of the hurrying, driving Chicago. She has expressed a great desire to meet old friends, and sends us the following to pub-



lish for those who may read this number of the OREAD:

"I am very anxious to see the old girls, especially my class. You will all be here this summer and I do not want to miss any one. Write me your plans, when you are coming, where you will be, etc., and do it early so I can plan to see you, or, still better, have you come and see me. If I can be of any assistance, I will be glad to be. I can get rooms here, but am on the west side; some would not object to that, but others might. Could not the class of '77 come together? If you will, I will promise you a banquet on a small scale at my home. Address all letters to

" MRS. ARA INGALLS MORGAN,

" 663 Adams St. West, Chicago, Ill."

A most welcome letter comes to hand from Miss Towne, a student in the early years of the school. She sends good wishes for long life for Mrs. Shimer, whom she graciously terms "the presiding genius of the school," and gives a reminiscence which we copy:

"Miss Gregory's class in botany was not large, but quite ambitious, so, not content with analyzing the flowers found in the yard and garden, longed for more worlds to conquer; in other words, we wanted to go to the woods. Accordingly an excursion was planned, ostensibly to gather specimens for the class. We needed considerable help, so, in addition to the five or six in the class, there were enough others to complete a wagon load.

"The outing was to be on Saturday, and many wise forecasts of the weather were taken for several days beforehand. Some of them were quite contradictory and not very assuring; but Saturday morning came in time, chilly and rather showery; however, we all felt so confident that the sunshine would conquer, we finally started, with a final charge, from Miss Gregory, to the young men to take care of the Spring Beauties they took with them, lest they might not find any more, and with many good-bys to the forlorn-looking ones left behind. I wonder if all those who are living now can recall the ringing laugh, the lively chatter and the happy freedom of that day 'near to Nature's heart.'

"There were many little mishaps to call forth a note of warning, or a little scream of terror, or a laugh at something that proved ridiculous; but nothing threatening a serious catastrophe till one of the girls, in reaching over a rocky ledge for a beautiful specimen, saw directly under her arm a large rattlesnake coiled in the sun, either sleeping or too sluggish to stir unless molested. I think the flower was never picked; but a sudden spring backward and a call of alarm brought help. The boys, mindful of Miss Gregory's charge, came to the rescue and soon dis-

patched his snakeship, carrying it home in triumph as the most noted trophy of the day. They turned it over to Professor Shimer, a contribution to his collection of things inanimate, where, no doubt, it still reposes peacefully in a bottle of alcohol.

"The day proved pleasanter than we feared in the morning, and we returned just at night tired and hungry, laden with specimens that did duty in class for some time, and some of them pressed are still treasured by me. The day had been a success.

"Of our numbers then, Mary White, Lottie McDearmon and Mary Hathaway long since went to gather immortelles by the River of Life. The rest are scattered, if still living.

Hoping to hear of many of them through your paper,

I remain, yours truly,

" SOPHIA A. TOWNE,

" Dresden, Kan."

Miss Helen Eacker, class '77, has been principal of the Delphos (Kansas) public schools for some years, and has been recognized throughout the State as a prominent educator. She is engaged in institute work each summer and has read papers before associations of teachers in her county and State. She writes:

"It is nearly a quarter of a century since the writer first became a student in the school. She well remembers the bleak January morning that she stood outside the entrance for nearly half an hour, trying to overcome her shyness sufficiently to enter.

"That long, low schoolroom will always appear in her dreams as *her* schoolroom. She has ever been proud to write herself a graduate of the Mt. Carroll Seminary. From beloved Mrs. Shimer and Miss Gregory to inspiring Miss Joy, a long line of instructors present their earnest, helpful faces whenever Seminary day dreams are permitted.

"The once timid student has grown gray in the schoolroom, but to-night she is young again as she recalls the long ago.

"Iowa, Colorado, Illinois, Kansas, have given her busy years; but to the class of '77, to the teachers to whom she recited, and to those with whom she afterwards worked, both students and teachers, she would say that though your addresses are lost, your locations unknown, she remembers you and hopes in this issue of the OREAD to hear of you.

"For nine years she has been principal of the public school in Delphos. During these years the school has grown from one hundred pupils to three hundred, from two teachers to six, from an ungraded to a graded school, the graduates from the high school in the class of '93 numbering sixteen.

"Does Mate Bagg, of Waterloo, Iowa, remember her Latin classmate? Where are the members of the

class of '77? Can we not have a reunion in June at the Seminary or in Chicago?"

We are very much pleased to receive news from Mrs. Howe, of Table Rock, Neb., whose connection with the school dates back to the second year of its existence. She writes: "The energy and enthusiasm of Misses Wood and Gregory were soon shared by their patrons, who became very proud of the school, while the pupils felt they, too, were partakers of its fame. . . .

"I found some pleasant acquaintances in the village. Mr. and Mrs. Grattan I had previously known, and among others I remember particularly Mrs. Frohock, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Hostetter and Mrs. Halderman. The Seminary building stood quite isolated, a quarter of a mile from the town, and we had our own little world there. Among the boarding pupils I remember most distinctly Misses Hanchet, Hinman, Hammond, Grant, Ladd, Scales, Brewer, Helen and Margaret Fuller, Ama and Owen Ferguson, and my dear friends, Susan Thomas and Nellie Hamblin. Other faces and forms which I can distinctly call to mind are Oliver Simmons, who had previously been my pupil; William and Roscoe Frohock, Emma Seaman, Mamie Hostetter, Julia Gurley, Miss Bartholomew, Mr. Colehower and his sister, Amanda Van Alstine, Miss Pyle, Miss Miles, Miss Cochran, Miss White, Wilbert Seymour, Mr. Shirk, Miss Shirk, Misses Susan and Mary Robinson, Miss Biggar and many others.

"One pleasant incident was a course of lectures by Professor Burrows upon phrenology, physiology and hygiene, illustrated by a skeleton, a French manikin, charts, skulls and busts. This was all quite new to most of the pupils, and created great interest.

"But thirty-nine years have passed away, and my reminiscences will sound like ancient history to the later members of Mt. Carroll Seminary. How few who read this will remember the writer, known then as Mary E. Pepoon, but now as

"MARY E. HOWE."

Vena Mackey Bede says:—

So this Columbus year our Seminary reaches its fortieth milestone.

Seems to me old Time has been making very good use of his wings, for it is only a little while since I paid my first visit to my Alma Mater. It was in the old building schoolroom; Miss Gregory was teaching a class in mental arithmetic; so exacting were the requirements and so critical was the teacher that I fairly quaked for the girls who "missed the mark." I recall distinctly Annie Hurley repeating and solving to the teacher's entire satisfaction one of those long, intricate problems in Stoddard's Intellectual Arithmetic. Annie has kept on through these years quietly solving the more intricate problems that life demands, how well and how faithfully her heavenly Teacher knows. Hers has been the life most needed in the world—every day well lived.

Nettie Plumer was another successful pupil in that recitation—there were others, but I did not know them. Nettie is now my friend and neighbor—Mrs. Gould Stephens.

As I sit to-night thinking of *my* days at the Seminary, I find the memories very enjoyable. I am back again among "the girls." There is a little army of bright, youthful faces; some of them,

"Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

will *always* be bright and youthful to us. I recall actions, words, recitations, songs with and without words, chapel exercises, Miss Joy's "common sense" talks to the girls, the pleasant, healthful walks (what fun it was for a lot of girls to put one foot over an imaginary boundary line)—so many little incidents of interest only to a few, all pleasant memories.

"Linger, O ye golden hours,  
In your swift-winged onward flight;  
Kest ye here a little season."

I am thinking of Miss Joy, Mrs. Hazzen, Miss Clark, Miss White, Miss Dov, Miss Mills and Miss Buckley. How much they have done for this little army of girls, beyond the teaching of the text-books—something not to be measured!

And Mrs. Shimer! of course no memory of Seminary days without the thought of Mrs. Shimer. I used to be just a little afraid of her; *now* I wonder why. Forty years of work of "a high calling" given to the world! surely Mrs. Shimer must feel gratified with the result even if highest hopes and expectations have not yet been reached.

To very many of "the girls" Mrs. Shimer's strong character has been an inspiration, and no doubt many a good work has been accomplished that is the direct result of her personal influence. Long live Mrs. Shimer! Long live our Seminary!

I suppose there were tribulations in my Seminary days, but somehow memory brings but one to-night—that high rostrum up which we had to climb to "read our compositions" and "speak our pieces." It was the dread of my early school days, and I am sure my gray hairs began to appear at that date. Helen insists it was those noisy calf-skin shoes that father required his daughters to wear, that made us so conscious while standing on that eminence; however, it was an ordeal from which we tried various means to escape—some of them not "justified by honor." I rejoice for the sake of the shy girls that the old rostrum has disappeared and a better one takes its place. Yes, regrets to be sure, lots of them! wish my lessons had been better learned and wish I had belonged to the Oread Society. Jennie Cummings and Alice Green of "our class" were members, and they learned to express their thoughts without paper—something very necessary in our day. There are "only seven" in our class. Jennie Cummings Lee enjoys a home in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her husband, E. O. Lee, will be remembered as one of the Seminary "boys."

Girls, do you notice how Mrs. Shimer enjoys Reunion day? Well, one reason for it is because the "boys" are there; the Hostetters, C. L., A. B. and W. R.; George and Robert Campbell, Jerome Hurley, John Kinewalt and Dr. Metcalf—busy men all of them, but not too busy to give an hour to "days gone by" and take tea with Mrs. Shimer on Reunion day.

Alice Green Heald "holds the scepter" in a farmhouse in Nashua, Iowa. Surprising what these girls will do for a man's sake! Alice was reared in a Baptist parsonage and knew nothing of farm work; but for "Manly's" sake braved all difficulties and *now* really deserves a second diploma. She makes a business success of poultry raising besides doing a great deal of home and church work—neither is her pen idle.

Libbie Barber Hostetter is also "queen" in a farm home. "Grouseland" with its inmates (Libbie has three lovely children) is very well known to the Seminary folks for its hospitality.

Miss Bell Jones we hope to hear from at Reunion. Miss Jones wrote our class poem—"Linger, O ye golden hours." Does she know how often we quote from it?

Mrs. Stockwell and Sarah Hostetter still treat us to music that is much appreciated. Sarah was our valedictorian. She and the Mackay sisters are planning to kill "two birds with one stone" this summer. In addition to seeing much of the World's Fair, they



have schemed "to take us all in." Their place is 5437 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Now, dear "girls," either I am talking too long or have spent considerable time in "looking back"—anyway, I have enjoyed it very much. Holmes tells it exactly.

"The voices of morning! how sweet is their thrill  
When the shadows have turned and the evening grows still!  
The text of our lives may get wiser with age,  
But the print was so fair on its twentieth page."

Most of the letters received have come in response to a circular sent from the Seminary a short time ago. We doubtless would hear from many others had we more time before going to press. Ed.

#### MARRIED.

Helen Estelle Goff to Mr. Philip Pitt Campbell; home, Pittsburg, Kan.

Mabel C. Marshall to James F. Weart; home, Cherokee, Iowa.

Florence Topping to Charles Hall Botsford; home, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York City.

Bess T. Howe to Arthur E. Pratt; home, Waukon, Iowa.

Lillian B. Wilmot to William J. Scott; home, Camp Grove.

L. Maud Beer to Dr. Doan Parks; home, Fairview, Ill.

Nellie Hobbs to Mr. Smythe; home, Wichita, Kan.

Oetavia Hobbsto Mr. Brachen; home, Wichita, Kan.

Madge L. Myers to Arthur N. Hislop; home, Wilmette, Ill.

We received with special pleasure the letters of Dr. Pratt and Mr. Miller, two very busy men in professional life. Both have been highly honored at different times, and put in places of great trust and responsibility. It gratifies us that they think so kindly of the school of their early life.

The picture of a bit of the north grounds given on another page is from a pen and ink sketch by Pella Parkinson. Miss Parkinson graduated in the class of '91, having finished the art course, and the following season studied in the Art League of New York City, returned in the spring to her Alma Mater, and received a medal for efficient post-graduate work.

We have the contributions of mother and daughter in articles received from Mrs. Fanny Bartholomew Bailey and Mrs. Florence Bailey Farnsworth. The former was one of the first students as she has

told us, and has been, always, a loyal daughter of the institution. In after years she sent her Florence and Ada to the school in which she had been educated. The former is now Mrs. Farnsworth, of Beatrice, Neb., and the latter Mrs. Taylor, of Hammond, Neb. Both daughters were teachers for a time. For some years past, Mrs. Farnsworth has been contributing to periodicals, and has just prepared a souvenir volume of poems for the Woman's Department of the Nebraska World's Fair Exhibit. Had we space we would be pleased to copy Mrs. Farnsworth's "Columbia" in full. For the sake of the younger student we quote from it:

"O happy youth! Born in this land of schools,  
Where he who seems to be the fittest rules,  
What possibilities before thee lie,  
That all the wealth of Indies could not buy.  
We know whose words have led us in the past,  
Whose noble influence shall ever last,  
But who can tell who yet shall we call great,  
For whom the honors of a nation wait?"

Miss Martha Powell, our historian, is off duty this year on account of ill health. Her friends sincerely hope that a continued rest will bring back the strength and vigor of other days. She has lately gone with her father and mother to Southerland, Iowa, which place is to be her future home. Possessed of a clear intellect and conscience, and so willing to deny self she deemed it not sacrifice, she has rendered efficient service wherever she has been. None know better of this than Rev. H. M. Tupper, D.D., of Raleigh, N. C. We quote from his letter:

Miss Powell is truly deserving an honorable mention in your excellent paper, and it gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the high character of her services in connection with Shaw University. During her sojourn among us covering a period of thirteen years, she was a laborious, efficient and consecrated worker; her conscientious adherence to duty, and her strong sense of justice, made her a most valued co-worker. She was, indeed, a "tower of strength" to her associates. As a teacher she has left her impress upon the State, since Shaw University to a great extent furnishes the teachers for the public and normal schools among the colored people. Also her interest in foreign mission work and efforts to maintain and deepen a missionary spirit in the school were greatly appreciated, especially by those students who left us to enter upon missionary work in Africa while she was with us, and it was a source of sincere regret to all that the condition of her health was such as to compel her to leave the University.

Yours sincerely, H. M. TUPPER.

Miss Virginia Dox has had such a varied life since her graduation in '75, we speak of it at length. Some years were devoted to the study of medicine, first with Dr. Shimer and then at Ann Arbor University, and in teaching at the Seminary and in the town of her home, Wilson, N. Y. This seemed to be but preparatory to the principal work of her life. In '83 she was sent by the "New West Education Commission" to Idaho

to establish a school among the Mormons of that part of the country. This she did successfully at Oxford, and later established a school in San Mateo, N. M. Here she lived in a little mud hut with nothing but bare earth for a floor, and among a people speaking a foreign language and accustomed to rude ways. She suffered persecution because of her religious belief, but the result of her work has shown it was not in vain. Later she held a responsible position in the Government school for the Osage Indians, Pawhuska, and later in Albuquerque, N. M., organized a mission school for the Mexicaus of that vicinity. For some time Miss Dox has been engaged in lecturing through the East, in this way serving the Commission. She speaks many times each week. Her days are crowded full to the brim with her work for the unenlightened. Through all these years she has written much for the press and used opportunity at hand to visit places of special interest. She is the only woman in the world who has visited the Yona Supai Indians, as the journey to their canon villages is an exceedingly perilous one. The address of Miss Dox is 22 Cong. House, Boston, Mass.

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#### OBITUARIES.

December 3, 1892, in Glen Elder, Kan., Mrs. Lucinia Benson Battey was called to her "long home," having in God's good time fulfilled her life-work. "Guided by high purposes she lived and loved, and fulfilled her mission upon earth, and dying left to a sorrowing husband, baby girl and loving friends and relatives an example of fidelity, truth and pure righteousness which will be as a beacon light unto them, to glow in their hearts until time shall be no more."

Mrs. G. I. Harvey, *nee* Cleveland, died at the home of her brother in Burlington, Kan. That dread disease, consumption, claimed her for a victim, and had so fastened itself upon her that for many years she had been without hope of permanent recovery. She left no children, and Professor Harvey has our most sincere sympathy in this sad disruption of family ties.

Miss Lydia Menk, one of earth's truly spiritual, died last December.

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Miss N. Wikoff is spending a year in Eureka Springs, Ark., for the benefit of her health. Her sister Lizzie is the wife of Dr. Gunn, pastor of the Third Baptist Church in St. Louis. Her sister Salie married Rev. Lewis Martin, pastor of the Baptist Church at Carthage, Mo.

#### THE SEMINARY'S BIRTHDAY IN '92.

Mrs. Shimer's ill health kept her South last spring into May, as it has done again this season: the Seniors, eighteen strong, sent her "Seminary Birthday Congratulations," written on dainty cards tied with rose-colored ribbon, the chosen hue of the girls of '92. We quote their words of remembrance:

"The approaching anniversary of the founding of Mt. Carroll Seminary leads us to think of May 11, 1853. Looking about us and admiring the pleasant grounds, with numerous trees just budding into new life, our imagination pictures to us the scenes of thirty-nine years ago, when you, with a few pupils and rented rooms, laid the foundation of the present school from which we are proud to graduate. These thoughts are accompanied by a realizing sense of the power of small beginnings and the results they may produce when guided by lofty ambition, unconquerable will and a desire to do what is right and useful.

"We try to appreciate the results of your labor—the giving to us such excellent advantages for fitting ourselves to take our places in the world as women—ready and willing to aid all causes of individual and universal good. What we say may seem trivial, but as Seniors of Mt. Carroll Seminary we wish to tell you we are glad we came to your institution and when we leave we take with us a firmly rooted love for Mt. Carroll Seminary and its founder.

"THE SENIORS."

The Seminary at Mt. Carroll represents the educational work of Illinois Baptists distinctively for women. It must now be well toward forty years since two young ladies, graduates of leading institutions at the East, Miss Wood, now Mrs. Shimer, and Miss Gregory, now Mrs. Lansing, devoting themselves to the education of women in the West, came to Illinois, and selected for the location of their school the then small and rather crude village of Mt. Carroll, near Freeport. They did not despise the day of small things, and so, as their reward, were in due time permitted to see the day of large things. The history of Mt. Carroll Seminary is a remarkable testimony as to the possibilities of achievement where essential conditions of success are found in clearly defined purpose, courage and persistence in the face of difficulty, executive ability and judicious adaptation of means to ends. The scope of the instruction given has steadily widened as the conditions of Western life have changed, until now the work done in the more elegant forms of culture for young women, as well as that which is practical and solid, is of a very superior kind. The graduates of Mt. Carroll are in every part of



our land, and are often found in social spheres and lines of active service where the benefits of good early training become conspicuous. The Seminary has always, although carried forward as a private enterprise, been regarded as in close affiliation with Illinois Baptists, and might to great advantage be brought into such organic relations with the general system as to receive and give back the benefits of intimate educational alliance. We have simply to add that in point of efficiency in management, and in the effects of good teaching, this Seminary was never more prosperous than now.—*The Standard*, November, '92.

#### TOLTEC RUINS.

In the southwestern part of our country, among the mountains, and high in the canon walls, are the ruins of a once great nation. These cities are often found in valleys, which are hemmed in by great mountain peaks. Many of them seem to be buried intact by the *debris* of ages. One of the most remarkable, yet least known about, of these buried cities, is in the San Mateo valley, near Mt. Taylor. Five years ago I spent several months in this valley, and everywhere about me were evidences that this now sparsely settled region was once largely settled by a peaceful and industrious people. In the valley lies buried a city, apparently in a perfect condition. Only a few rooms have as yet been opened up, and a rich field is awaiting the researches of some enterprising archaeologist. I have wandered for hours over this region, and have in my possession a fine collection of jars, pitchers, stone axes, a flint knife, stone fetich, and other curiosities I have found here. On the mountain sides round about, I have seen the ruins of the watch towers, and could also trace for a short distance an aqueduct built from the mountains near by, to the heart of the city. The city is one of the oldest in our country, for it is a Toltec city. Of the Toltecs we know but little, but they were followed by the Aztecs, so that, although we regard the Aztec ruins as very old, these buried Toltec cities are much older. We are unable to account for their perfect state of preservation. It certainly is not due to either volcanic action or to earthquake shocks. The Pueblo Indians in this region have a strange tradition regarding these cities. They say that when Cortez invaded Mexico, Montezuma sent everywhere for the assistance of his vassals. From this region went all the men, leaving the women to care for their homes and the crops. The men never returned, as they were all killed. After a time the Apaches, Comanches and Navajoes swooped down from the surrounding mountains, upon their homes. The women made their houses secure, and, shutting

themselves in with their children, were finally all starved to death during the long siege. In one of the rooms which I entered, there was every appearance of an attempt to smother the inmates, by forcing burning branches down the chimney. In this room the skeleton of a woman was found lying in front of the door.

The Pueblo tradition seems somewhat plausible, yet from the alluvial deposit under which the city lies buried, one would naturally think its doom was sealed long before the time of Cortez.

I have also visited cliff dwellings and ruins of stone houses in the Grand Canon of the Colorado, and this whole section of country is a rich field of investigation and information to the archaeologist.

VIRGINIA DOX.

Boston, Mass., March 16, 1893.

#### HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT.

"Westward the course of the empire takes its way," stopping not at the California Coast, but on through the Golden Gate, over miles of billowy sea, to scattered groups of small but beautiful tropical islands. To these, long ago, immigrated south sea islanders, dispersing themselves over the eight islands in, at least four separate kingdoms. They divided themselves into three classes. First, the nobility, comprising the kings and chiefs of various grades of rank; second, the priests, including sorcerers and doctors; and, third, the common people or laboring class.

There was a wide and permanent distinction between the class of chiefs and that of the common people. A common man could never rise to the rank of a chief. Nobody conceived such a thing possible; nor could a chief be degraded to the rank of a commoner, or to that of a slave. If conquered in war, he might be slain and offered in sacrifice to the gods, but if his life was spared he was still a chief. This classification still holds among the natives, but less rigidly. The distinction is gradually growing less as superstitions die out.

Then, their laws were very strict, death being the penalty for the slightest breach of etiquette. For example, it was death for a common man to remain standing at the mention of the king's name, or even to cross the royal shadow or that of his house. If he entered the dread presence of the sovereign, he must prostrate himself prone upon the ground. To this ancient spirit of honor for the nobility the present generation owe their loyalty, toned down to pretty courtly manners; and the same influence is responsible for the position of the young Hawaiian girls of to-day.

Then, the women were under many severe re

straints. While they did all the work of preparing the food for their lord's board, and put it before him with ceremony according to his rank and the number of wives he afforded, they were never considered good enough to sit with him at table. Even the bride, be she never so young and beautiful, was not allowed that honor. A man took as many wives as his fastidious taste suggested, and when weary of one rejected her for another more admired.

This did not tend to elevate womankind, and when we realize that all this was only a few decades ago, we do not so much wonder that to-day they think it no great calamity for man and wife to separate and marry again some one more congenial. This so disturbs the domestic relations, that there is many a young Hawaiian who knows not his mother, or, if he be so fortunate, his paternal ancestor may still remain in obscurity as far as he is concerned.

The children live among their friends, terming any one whom they particularly like, mother, and the one who ranks next best in their affections is honored with the title of grandmother if her age allows, or, if not, sister and cousin fills the requirement.

The work of giving them a literary education is small compared with the responsibility of instilling into their minds good ideas of morality. Christian schools for boys and seminaries for girls are doing a great deal in this way. The ready hand and quick talent of the native is soon turned to the best account, when proper influence is brought to bear upon him, but left to his own resources the tendency is to degenerate.

This is shown in the present downfall of the Hawaiian Government. In order to obtain unlimited power, even by unscrupulous means, ex-Queen Liliuokalani has lost her throne. She has intelligence and is endowed with ability, but the instinct of ancient absolutism is strong within her. This she has allowed to overrule good sense, and thereby has lost, together with a throne, the respect of good people, and destroyed a record such as no other nation has had, namely: the survival of a heathen dynasty through the transition from barbarism to a decent grade of civilization. This remarkable record has been made possible only by the control of its affairs by white people, largely Americans.

This class of clear thinkers is unanimous in its desire for annexation to America. The alliance is not yet agreed upon, though efforts are being made toward such an end. At present the United States has found it advisable to extend a provincial government over the queenless country, and we await development in uncertainty whether England or America will claim the beautiful surf-bound isles. Whichever country sees it to her advantage to take

them will gain a vital strategic position in the center of the North Pacific Ocean. The naval power that has a station there can control the entire commerce of that part of the world. That commerce, especially American interest in it, is destined to a great future. If the Nicaragua Canal is to be completed, it means a tremendous growth of American commerce in the Pacific, and that in the not very distant future. If the political condition at the islands is unsettled, so is the social. Royalty has glittered with pomp and splendor, and a lion share of wickedness. Caterers and guild are plentiful among both natives and whites. Another order exists among the well-to-do highly respectable white class. This perhaps is the most powerful of any because tolerance and Christian principle represent the mass.

A fastidious celestial may here find his equals, and live among them enjoying all the heathen customs of his ancestors, or, if he comes as a common laborer, there is a place among the flock of uncivilized "cane workers," and a corner in some rude shed with chopsticks and rice-bowl at his service. The lazy, good-natured native, barefoot and brown, seems not averse to friendly terms with his Portuguese neighbor, and shares, as well, his patch of "taro" and calabash of "poi" with his half white brother, who really inclines more to the easy life of his savage forefathers, than to the more studied enjoyments of his white relations. Nor can we blame him for clinging to those pretty and graceful customs characterizing the Hawaiian nation! Unbounded freedom of hill and plain and sea; an aimless life in much, yet happy and care-free. Untrammelled grace and natural ease are in their every move, a mellow voice to speak a language round with vowels, and full of tuneful chord. A people with hearts of open hospitality, and simple natures, obedient and happy.

"Hawaiian Nei, land of flowers,  
Of sunny slopes and shady bowers,  
Long live thy people in prosperity,  
Beautiful, sea-girt, Hawaii Nei!"

ROSE G. HIGHT.

[Teacher in Kamehameha school for boys, '91 and '92, and student at the Seminary during the present school year.]

The class of '92, eighteen in number, representing nine different States, report to Alma Mater from time to time. They have a host of friends who will be glad to know where they are to be found, and what they are doing this year. Miss S. Bole, of Pennsylvania, is continuing her study of vocal music, and is now in Chicago. Miss Chapman is at home (Oketa, Kan.), and is teaching a music class. Miss Dunning, Spokane Falls, Wash., is energetic as ever, busy with study, home duties and teaching, painting and drawing. Miss Fish is teaching in the Conservatory



of Music in Independence, Mo. Miss Forrest is held in Spokane, Wash., this year, to attend to business connected with the settling of the large fortune left by her father, lately deceased. Miss McGrath, Miss Fourn, Miss Roggy and Miss Moyers have been teaching in public schools, Miss McGrath in Kansas, Miss Fourn in Dakota and Misses Moyer and Roggy in Illinois. Miss Hatch and Miss Riley are at the Seminary. The former is assistant music teacher and the latter continues the study of art while helping to substitute for Miss Hall, now studying in Chicago. Miss Hutton is teaching vocal music in the college in Beaver Dam, Wis. Miss Pottle has a music class in Chillicothe, Mo. Miss Saxton is at home in Edgar, Neb. Miss Wildey is taking a post-graduate course in art at the Seminary. Miss Lewis remains at home this year. She, with Miss Duell and Miss Bussy, of a former class, made the Seminary a visit recently. Miss Parkinson is at home in Centralia, Ill., and is suffering seriously from the effect of the gripe. This greatly saddens her school friends, who have so sincerely loved her, and they earnestly hope for the good news of health restored.

Mt. Carroll friends have assumed that we know all about them and have sent no word for our anniversary number, but there are many remote from us who will watch for some of the familiar names associated with the town of their school home. But where shall we begin and where end? Almost every family in the place has been sometime connected, in some way, with the institution. In thinking of this, the Hostettters come immediately to mind, for who of the school has not heard of them with their abundant hospitality and friendship that abides? They all have been student there sometime and the institution now turns to them for sympathetic interest and help. This includes our "Libbie Barber" of most choice spirit, who is now one of them. We might say the same with equal force of Mr. and Mrs. John Kinewault, for Mr. Kinewault came to these things by inheritance, and of Dr. Metcalf, ready always to render the service of a cultured gentleman. Messrs. R. and G. Campbell have been good brothers of the institution, and the former exhibited even more than this brotherly interest, in inducing Miss Sue Miles to be a permanent sharer of his joys and sorrows. She suggests her sister, Mrs. Jessie Miles Strickler, remembered by many. Not a few will recall Mrs. Emma Pennybaker Cormany, the ever industrious Coleman sisters, the Tomlinson sisters and the Hurley sisters, too. A long line of "Sem. girls" will bring to mind the Mackay sisters with their Scotch warmth and enthusiasm, and some of them will be glad to know that Joanna Claywell is as keenly interested in church, school and moral reforms as ever.

Mrs. Shimer is not here to remind us of the long ago, but we know that the ever faithful friends Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Halderman and Mrs. Ludwick were once among "the girls" and Mrs. Tate and Dr. and Mrs. Rindollar used to answer to the "roll call."

All who have been present at the hurry of the coming and going in September and June have heard that Mr. Brice Vandergraft was once one

of "the boys." But why try to enumerate? The line seems to grow longer as we write and there are so many we would like to mention who are kindly interested in their Alma Mater. *Mt. Carroll* sends greetings to you of the East, the West, the North and the South who were once Mt. Carroll Seminary daughters.

A copy of "*Worcester's Academic Dictionary*" and of "*Worcester's School Dictionary*" came to our hand too late for careful examination, but Worcester's Dictionaries have long held front rank and need little commendation. These are unusually attractive in appearance, having clear, clean type, and are of convenient sizes for students.

Miss Joy has found it convenient to announce to some of her business correspondents wrongly endorsing drafts that her "Joy" came by inheritance, and is not the gift of a benevolent man aided by clerical service, and hence she is to be addressed as Miss, not Mrs.

A gentleman was talking in Sabbath-school lately, and while doing so asked, "Where will good children go?" when a little sister of our Miss Taylor promptly replied, "The Exposition."

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#### PERSONALS.

Mrs. Alice Briggs Duer has recently moved to 1605 Nineteenth street, Denver, Col. Mrs. Duer has always been earnest in promoting the cause of public good wherever she has been, and doubtless will find some place in which to work in this western city. She has recently met Mrs. Cilla Pollock Bell, now a widow, who is living with her son in Denver.

Mrs. Duer's younger sister, Mrs. Humphrey, has a very pleasant home in Pawnee, Neb. Mrs. Humphrey's cordial hospitality, together with Judge Humphrey's bright, genial qualities, makes this a delightful place to visit.

Miss Hallie Metcalf now and then writes, and always kindly, of Seminary days, sending greetings from her home at 335 Florida avenue, Washington, D. C.

Helen Mackay, class of '80, spent last summer traveling in the West. During her travels she met Mary Gunn Ashley in Sacramento, an old time pupil; George Frank in Portland, Ore., and the Lee family in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Jennie Mackay Coleman, class of '80, still holds her interest in the "claim," but with her husband, who is president of the Sierra Normal College at Auburn, Cal., has made teaching her life work and will make her home in California.

While in Jacksonville, Miss Joy met Mrs. Fairhead, known to seminary students as Miss Hattie Stone. Mrs. Fairhead is prominent in social circles, and her husband holds responsible places in connection with business interests. He is now president of the Board of Trade in Jacksonville. Mr. and Mrs. Fairhead have a beautiful home at 113 Laura street, and entertain their friends with generous hospitality.

When en route from De Land, Fla., Miss Joy made a brief visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Powell, of Jacksonville. The cordial greetings and pleasant attentions shown by senior and junior members of the household, made it a most enjoyable memory. Mr. Powell is a son of the Rev. Thomas Powell, well known as one of the pioneer preachers of the West. He and wife were life long friends of Mrs. Shimer, and were often welcomed, and always most cordially, by the many who knew them at the Seminary.

Mrs. Alma Chapman Parker sends regrets that she can not contribute to this number of the OREAD because of ill health. Mrs. Parker is the wife of a prominent lawyer in Chicago, who, a few years ago, was said to be the youngest member of our Legislature then in session. It will be remembered that Mrs. Parker's home was formerly in Upper Alton. Her present address is 3430 Vernon avenue, Chicago.

From "Seminary Notes" in one of our town papers we quote: "Mrs. Florence Taylor Reid introduces, by letter to her Alma Mater, Lucian Taylor Reid, who, his mother says, 'abides with us and brings much pleasure into our home.'"

"The first report of the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association of Cambridge, Mass., has been received, in which special mention is made of the efficiency of Miss G. F. Leonard, the first president of the society. Miss Leonard, with her sister Harriett, has made this historic city her home most of the time since she was a teacher at the Seminary. While there the sisters have extended hospitality in a most gracious way to friends of the past as well as the present, and have made an honorable place for themselves among those of the city who live to make the world better."

Miss Mattie Edgerly, of Chicago, says: "I am always pleased to see even the name of the 'Old Sem,' and was more than pleased to know that the fortieth anniversary was to be observed in the way you mention."

Miss Margaret Fisher is teaching music in the college at Merom, Ind. The president, in writing of her, says: "Miss Fisher has already won the confidence and affection of her pupils, and the high regard of the Faculty of the college."

Pleasant letters are received from Rev. and Mrs. J. Philips, of Belvidere, Ill., and Rev. and Mrs. E. Wells, of Charleston, S. C. Mr. Philips and Mr. Wells were, at different times, pastor of the Baptist Church in Mt. Carroll, and with Mrs. Philips and Mrs. Wells, valued friends of the institution. Mrs. Shimer and Miss Joy had the pleasure of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wells last year in their Southern home. The enjoyment of it was heightened by the kind, pleasant courtesies of some of their Southern friends. Mr. Wells is now pastor of one of the city churches, and he and Mrs. Wells are happy in their new home and work.

The Misses Calkins are prominently remembered as students capable and faithful, and as young women kind and true. "Elva" has, for a number of years,

been known as Mrs. Briggs. Her home is now at 7043 Yale street, Englewood. Miss Mary Calkins has held excellent positions as a teacher of music since graduating. During the last winter she has been studying in Chicago and making her home with Mrs. Briggs. Their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Calkins, were most welcome visitors during the time the daughters were in school. The mention of Dr. Calkins brings to mind the sallies of wit between himself and Mr. Miles, of Miles, Ia., and the latter's daughter, Idell, a member of the class of '80. Since her graduation Miss Miles had studied in Boston and held places of prominence as a singer in Boston and vicinity, and more recently she has been connected with the conservatory at Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Laura Powell became Mrs. Frank Fowler soon after her graduation, and settled in Jacksonville, Fla. During the last year her home has been changed and she may be found now at 552 Chestnut street, Englewood, Ill.

We find the name Powell is somewhat confusing to our friends. "Elder and Mrs. Powell" were old-time friends of Mrs. Shimer. They, Miss Martha Powell, Miss Margaret and Miss Laura Powell (the last three members of different classes), belonged to entirely different families. The last named is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Powell, of Winona, Wis.

Etta Peiffer, Fairview, Ill.; Lillie Clemmer, La-nark, Ill.; Rose Weinlander, in Iowa; Hattie Shirk, Mt. Carroll; Ellen Eastman, Crystal Lake, and Fanny Gibbs, Elgin, Ill., are all successful teachers in public schools.

Miss Kate Geiger sends pleasant words to Alma Mater and writes of plans to return to the Seminary in the future. She is now teaching in the Minden (Neb.) public school.

Mrs. Williamson, sojourning in Florida this winter, kindly furnished the present addresses of her sisters, formerly Seminary pupils. Mrs. Eliza Barlet and Mrs. Mattie Rickard are in Elburn, Ill., and Mrs. Lina McLean in Hillsboro, Ill.

From "Seminary Notes" of February 3, we quote a personal referring to Mrs. Florence Topping Botsford and Miss Ethel Roe, who had been guests at the Seminary for a short time previous:

"They were joined while here by Mr. Botsford, a 'brother-in-law,' just introduced, but who, by the kindly ways of a cultured gentleman, won friends from among those who had long known and loved Mrs. Botsford, the Florence Topping of other days. Mr. and Mrs. Botsford have been in the West since their marriage and now return to New York City, their future home. Miss Roe has spent between two and three years in Europe, and, after visiting friends in California, has settled in Chicago, where she is teaching music and assisting Mr. Tomlin as an accompanist. Miss Roe, when here, was recognized as one of the gifted daughters of the Seminary, and her subsequent travel and study abroad have broadened and polished her so that she is a most charming and cultured woman. Mrs. Botsford was always a musical favorite, and with her years' study since here, has gained in fullness and richness of voice and delicacy of expression."



These names quickly remind us of the Misses Hofer, formerly of McGregor, Ia., now of Chicago. Three of the sisters, with Miss Roe, make a happy home circle in this city of the West. Miss Hofer has been most pleasantly and usefully associated for some time with Mr. Tomlin in musical work. Miss Andrea Hofer, who, in her father's office, learned the "newspaper business" thoroughly, being at home either as compositor or editor, is making journalism a profession. Miss Joy has been the grateful recipient of several copies of the *Kindergarten Magazine*, of which Andrea and her sister Amelia are editors. The magazine does great credit to the young editors, exhibiting one of the best things to be said, continued improvement in literary taste.

A mention of the names of this circle suggest another student who was much with them in other days, now a resident of Chicago. We refer to Miss Maud Menifee. Miss Menifee spent some time in New York City in study after leaving Mt. Carroll, and later established herself in Chicago. She has been most pleasantly introduced to the public by her stories and contributions of different kinds to papers of the city. Some dainty stories for children in *Child Garden* have come to hand.

Mrs. Ida Wood Byers, Garner, Ia., writes: "Yours of March 23 asking information concerning former students received, and when, last evening, at a concert I heard songs I have often heard Mrs. Hazzen sing and a piano duet that the Hathaway sisters played, my thoughts went back to school days of '73-'78. I hope that some one will send addresses of Miss Dox, Anna C. Neale and Millie Shirk Pierce." Mrs. Byers' sister, Mrs. Etta Wood Gove, resides in Garner also. This winter there came to Mrs. Shimer the photograph of Mrs. Gove's daughter, a bright faced child of seven bearing the name of Frances Wood Gove.

We know that Marvin Gratton is one of "the boys," for we have heard Mrs. Shimer say so; but she is not at hand to tell us about him, so we can only give his address, which has lately come to us—M. T. Gratton, Preston, Minn.

Mrs. S. Mooney Parmer has returned to Mt. Carroll to live.

Delano Bailey since her graduation has been at home, and now is studying music at the Seminary.

Mabel Richardson has spent the winter in California.

Vena Hurley, Mt. Carroll, and Martha Brown, in Joliet, are teaching drawing and painting.

Miss Hattie O'Neal is still a teacher, and during this past year has been in the West.

Mrs. Gertrude Brown Murrah has had a prosperous year in the school of which she is principal and proprietor at Creal Springs, Ill.

Miss Wherritt and Miss Nose, of Mt. Carroll, are both taking post graduate courses at the Seminary—the former in art and the latter in music.

Miss Eliza James is spending this year at Ann Arbor, taking a course in sciences.

Mrs. Clara P. Gardner, of Tiskilwa, Ill., made her Alma Mater a visit at the opening of this school year. Since then she has been called to mourn the loss of her sister Lucina, once a pupil in Mt. Carroll, well beloved. Mrs. Gardner's many friends will deeply sympathize with her in this sorrow.

Zella Shirk, Mt. Carroll; Laura Holland, Carbon-dale, Ill.; Alice Lichty, Quitman, Ga.; Mrs. Z. Davis, in Lanark; Edna Dunshee and Laura Preston in different places in Missouri, are all meeting with the success they richly deserve as music teachers.

The friends of Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer regret that she has been prevented, by a severe attack of the grippe, from writing for this number of the OREAD. Mrs. Sawyer is a very busy woman, too busy to practice law, though she was admitted to the bar some years ago. She devotes much time to the personal supervision of the education of their two adopted sons, and is prominent as one of the leaders of three or four clubs organized for the improvement of members. She has been invited, at various times, to read before gatherings in the city and has done so, including among these, the high school of Lincoln, the State University and the State Teachers' Association held there. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer entertain in their beautiful home with liberal hospitality. They are warm personal friends of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, and were much pleased that one they deemed so efficient was chosen by President Cleveland to be a member of his Cabinet.

Mrs. Frank Breed is better known to our readers as Miss Alice Ives. She has lived in Lynn for twenty years and is to be found in a beautiful home at 204 Ocean street. Mrs. Breed is the mother of five children, Florence, Alice, Francis, Ralph and Ruby. Intelligent, progressive in spirit, warm-hearted and womanly, with wealth at her command, she has made herself felt in a large circle outside of her home and yet has not neglected the duties of wife and mother. She is prominently connected with some of the leading clubs for women of Massachusetts, is now president of the North Shore Club, and has lately served on a committee, of which Julia Ward Howe was chairman, appointed to draw up a provisional constitution for a State Federation of Women's Clubs. A year ago she again sailed for Europe, taking this time her daughters and four Chicago friends, who called her the general of the party. They visited Athens, Greece, Constantinople, different parts of Germany and Switzerland, Paris and London, and, while gone, had the great pleasure of meeting Salvini in Florence and Isben in Christiania, Norway.

Miss J. M. Hall, one of the Seminary's most capable and beloved daughters, after a stay of eight years, first as pupil and later as teacher, has leave of absence to study in Chicago this year. No young woman attending there more highly appreciates the advantages offered to women in these later days or more thoroughly enjoys college life than does Miss Hall, who came from New York here to be a student and a teacher. The Seminary will gladly welcome her in the fall of '93 as one of its Faculty.

Just as we go to press a letter full of kind words expressing great faith in this institution comes from Mrs. M. G. Nias, who, with her daughter, Maud, are now at Stone Hall, Wellesley College.

Through a friend we learn that the Misses Ebright are teaching in Blue Springs, Neb.

Miss M. Patton has recently gone to Albion, Neb., as a teacher, and with the hope of improvement in health with the change of climate.

Hannah M. Nichols, M.D., well deserves the success that is hers. She is now well established in her chosen profession in Fulton, Ill.

Miss Jennie Taylor, though one of us but a year, is well and pleasantly remembered by schoolmates. She is now Mrs. Frantz, and is living in Paw Paw, Ill.

Mrs. Bell Skinner gives her address as 739 Fifteenth street, Rock Island, Ill. Mrs. Skinner is a stranger to the committee, and hence they are unable to give her maiden name. They hope friends will recognize her by the above.

A business letter from George H. Thummel, attorney-at-law in Grand Island, Neb., sends good wishes for the prosperity of the "old Seminary."

Mrs. Jennie G. Smith, of Oskaloosa, Kan., writes pleasantly of her school life at Mt. Carroll, and of her present work as a teacher.

Miss Bonnie Ridgway, since returning from Europe, has been caring for an invalid sister in Chicago. She hopes to resume her art study another fall. During the Exposition she is to help make the New Church Apartment Building, 312 Sixty-sixth Place, a home for the friends stopping there. We call attention especially to this as some of the students who have known Miss Ridgway may be glad to have her welcome them after the day's weary round at the Exposition. The place is near the grounds and convenient and comfortable for guests.

We deeply regret that illness has prevented Mrs. M. Hostetter Greenleaf from writing for this number of the OREAD as she had intended. Her large circle of friends would have taken pleasure in reading something from her pen. Lieutenant and Mrs. Greenleaf are living in Augusta, Ga. They have traveled extensively abroad and spent much time in Washington, but find this Southern city an attractive home with a health-giving climate.

It would give us great pleasure to mention all of those who have been with us in the past, but it is needless to say this is impossible. We confine ourselves at this time to those from, or of, whom we have heard recently, knowing well there are many others whose names we would gladly place on our list if we only could. If some of you seem to be forgotten and a feeling of remoteness comes to you as you read, cast aside this feeling remembering your Alma Mater has an interest in every one of her sons and daughters. Time or space can not so separate as to make us strangers. Keep in touch with the old school and school friends by sending now and then a letter telling us what life is bringing you. Not a few of those who will read these columns are doing the best work of all, the

quiet, faithful work that the world so much needs, but about which little can be said. Let such feel that their service is most highly appreciated, though the word of praise may be unspoken.

Clara Ferguson is studying medicine in Chicago.

A. B. Hostetter is one of the State commissioners of Illinois for the World's Fair Exposition.

Mrs. Mary Halderman has the honor of being the first woman of Mt. Carroll to serve on its school board.

Judge Shirk, of Sedalia, Mo., has been a welcome visitor at the Seminary as he has brought, at different times, his winsome, talented daughters. The Judge remembers his Seminary days with pleasure and shows always the greatest respect and regard for his former teacher, Mrs. Shimer. He speaks warmly of the friends of other days, emphasizing his words of praise in speaking of Mr. Miller, whose letter we publish. Judge Shirk highly merits the honor shown him by his State.

#### A REUNION OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF THE MT. CARROLL SEMINARY

will be held Thursday, June 22, 1893, from 2 to 6 P.M., in the Assembly Room, and the Reception of the Illinois Woman's Board, in the Illinois Building, Exposition grounds, Chicago.

All teachers and students of any period are most cordially invited to be present. Arrangements for this meeting have been made by the officers of the Reunion Society. Mr. A. B. Hostetter, one of the State Commissioners of Illinois for the Columbian Exposition, is one of the Executive Committee of this Society, and Miss J. Claywell, Mt. Carroll, Ill., is Secretary of the same. Information, if desired, may be obtained from either of these.

#### THE SYRUP JUG.

In a Seminary not far away,  
The table is graced three times a day  
By a Syrup Jug!

Of transparent sweetness, 'tis full to the brim;  
There are glimpses of sunlight and moonlight thrown in.  
Oh, that Syrup Jug!

You may talk of nectar, may talk of wines:  
The "Sem." girl listens, but her heart inclines  
To that Syrup Jug!

'Tis beloved by all: both young and old,  
Alike with equal joy behold  
That Syrup Jug!

'Tis sauce for the goose, 'tis sweets for the sweet,  
'Twill moisten, 'twill flavor, 'twill all your needs meet.  
Oh, that Syrup Jug!

It smoothes out one's wrinkles, enhances one's charms,  
'Tis a foe to all leanness and long, skinny arms.  
O Syrup Jug!

Let no one belittle or rate low in the scale  
This friend of the school-girl, whose goodness ne'er'll fail—  
Loved Syrup Jug!

We might rave forever on such virtue sublime,  
But now time and patience forbids further rhyme  
On that Syrup Jug!

SEMINARY, May, '93.

R.





